

LOS ANGELES GRAPHIC

VOL. XLIX--No. 7

Los Angeles, January 15, 1916

PRICE TEN CENTS

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE—The Graphic is published every Saturday at Los Angeles, Cal. The subscription price is \$2.50 a year; six months, \$1.40; three months, 75 cents, payable in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Sample copies free on application. News dealers and agents in the interior supplied direct from The Graphic office. Subscribers wishing their address changed should give their old as well as their new location. Checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., should be made payable to The Graphic. Address

Publication Office: 114 E. Fourth St.

Telephone: Home A 4482.

Entered as second-class matter May 23, 1914, at the postoffice at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CRITICAL COMMENT

TWENTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: :: Editor

NOT ENOUGH BUT WELL ENOUGH

DYNAMITER Schmidt is lucky. Twenty poor fellows lost their lives through his direct agency and all he loses is his liberty. It is not even-handed justice but, at least, the law has arranged to place the wholesale murderer where his homicidal tendencies will be measurably restrained. He goes to join his fellow assassins and a naughty world is that much relieved. We desire to felicitate the district attorney on the successful prosecution of the case for the people. He had an arduous task in resuscitating what was almost a legal corpse and that he galvanized it into life by his skill and oratory is to the credit of his office and his excellent staff. It is too much to expect a judicial hanging after the precedent established, but law and order will be content with the outcome. Our respects to Judge Willis for the fair and impartial manner in which he presided over this important trial.

APPLYING COLD FACTS TO MASSACRE

NOW, what of Mexico! Seventeen American citizens have been viciously and brutally murdered by Mexican bandits near Chihuahua City, of whom five were from Los Angeles, men of excellent standing, of technical knowledge and in several instances of college affiliations. Driven from the passenger train at the mouth of the musket they were massacred almost within sight of the native train crew, certainly within hearing. What prompted this dastardly procedure? Was it for loot alone? One of the murdered men is reported to have had a pay-chest with him, but that could have been rifled without recourse to wholesale butchery. Coming so soon after the detention of a party of Americans, similarly threatened, and in that same district, but who managed to get away with their lives, the conclusion is inevitable that Villa planned the murder of these unfortunate seventeen in order to prove in his savage, rude fashion, that Carranza, in that territory, at least, was not in supreme control. It was a brutal reminder to the American nation of his existence, of his right to be reckoned with. Possibly, his secret desire is to force intervention, believing that it will require a spur of the nature he has supplied to prick the United States into action. Will he be successful? We hope not. We still hope that the Carranza forces will be able to round up the perpetrators of the crime and execute summary justice. Meanwhile, it must not be forgotten that the region in which the massacre took place is the scene of almost continual guerilla warfare and that urgent instructions have been sent to the United States consuls in the disturbed districts to dissuade Americans from coming in and to persuade others to go out. That the Villista victims were duly warned is a fair assumption, but, apparently, they were willing to take a chance, even if it involved the entire nation. To say that they were pursuing their lawful avocations and were entitled to protection is probably correct, but they knew the sort of protection they were likely to get in that region, yet elected to go in. It is a sad commentary on their judgment, but they paid the maximum penalty. Persons should not get hysterical over what everybody has come to expect as a matter of course. Villa is a savage, a picturesque one, but a savage, nevertheless. He has simply been true to type. His *amour propre*—and he is an exceedingly vain man—having been dealt a blow by the recognition of Carranza he has taken the most effective means in his power to prove that he is not wholly eliminated as a disturbing factor. Secretary Lansing has accurately and tersely defined the rights of foreigners on alien soil, as contrasted with the rights

of nations on the high seas. The latter are common territory to all nations. Noncombatants, whether neutral or belligerent, have the right to pass to and fro without molestation. But in territory under the sovereignty of a nation aliens may enter and stay only with the consent of the authorities. When the latter are of an uncertain nature the noncombatant so entering runs the danger of losing his liberty or his life. That was the chance taken by the unhappy seventeen. Let congress avoid tirades and jingo talk and, looking at the cold facts, act in accordance with the dictates of common-sense.

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE FIGHTING MAN

ONE of the most interesting contributions to the psychology of war is presented in the January Forum, in which the writer seeks to reveal the thoughts and impulses of rank-and-file soldiers—not the officers—under various conditions, but particularly when charging at a fixed bayonet upon the enemy. What, then, is the overpowering all-pervading desire? Is it a fierce, compelling hatred? Does a passionate sense of loyalty to his country so fill the breast of the on-rushing fighting man that he counts any sacrifice all too inadequate for his native land? It would seem not. His one fixed intent is to save his own life, at whatever cost—to the other fellow. He kills ruthlessly, determinedly. Not in passion, not in a spirit of retaliation for comrades sacrificed, but because the fewer there are left to oppose him, the greater his chances for survival. Hence he kills, kills, kills, that he may live, live, live. Here we have exemplified in its most basic form the instinct of self-preservation that is as paramount in the human kind as in the lower animals. Not for his country, not for his flag, does the soldier lay the enemy low, but in order that he may stand erect. It is a bit of a shock, but probably a fundamental truth. As for heroic deeds, they are seldom conceived as such by the men awarded the Victoria Cross, the Iron Cross or the Legion of Honor. According to this chronicler the participant in such affairs not often realizes that he has done anything extraordinary and is consequently surprised when he learns—if he lives through it—that he has earned marked distinction for his conduct. What endless traditions are being unshored by this cataclysmic world-struggle!

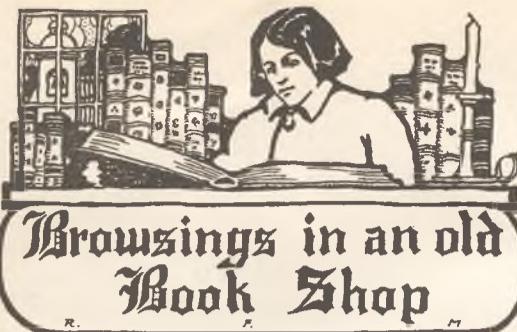
TO BE OR NOT TO BE CENSORED

THAT is the question Los Angeles will have to decide as regards the moving picture industry in this city before long. It is well to take thought upon it. The city council has called a conference of producers and of organizations most concerned in public welfare, to meet January 24 for discussion of the subject. It is a wise and tactful procedure. Too often discussion takes place after the event, as witness the declaration of party in the direct primary law! It needs serious thought, this question of censorship. Is it safe to allow producers, dizzy with profitable returns, the entire decision of what is or is not good for the young person to feed his mind upon? One involuntarily recalls the retort of Barry's Scotchman that "you can't expect a mon to mak' a joke and see it, too!" The director is a busy man, taken up with mental pictures; he hasn't time to fuss over moral values; the "play's the thing" to him. The manager of the theater is a merchant, he is hardly to be blamed for putting his showiest wares in plainest view. The high school boys and girls, the devoted followers of the movies, avid for amusement, liking to be where the crowd is thickest, the waiting line longest, are not discriminating. They are forming their tastes—and upon what? One round of the picture theaters any week will give the questioner pause. Where is the blame? And what is the remedy? It is an entangled question. Undeniably, producers should not be needlessly irritated. As a rule they will meet reasonable demands, if they know what they are. They do not patiently bear being "held up" and police interference is always questionable; there is too much savor of the "black Maria" about it, also too much of an appeal to the hunger for the forbidden in us all. The wily press agent discovered long since that nothing booms a play like a protest against its indecency. Who, then, is to guard us against our own weaknesses? Who but ourselves? The Drama League is the organized expression of an answer to the question. It

is an effort to create a public that will ask for better drama. First, of the spoken play, but now, since the photoplay has taken so important a place, of the film drama also. It should work equally well with one as the other. The Drama League does not disapprove by word, any play. It approves and bulletins worthy productions, not only by word but by the purchased ticket—the only argument for the box-office. Also, if the member is loyal to his obligation he absents himself from the unworthy play. The strength of such an organization is numbers, and the best indication of its soundness is the fact that in three years' time it has gained a hundred thousand members in forty-five states, and enlisted in its service men like Dr. Baker of Harvard, Messrs. Clayton Hamilton and Walter Pritchard Eaton, Dr. Richard Burton, Professor Raymond McDonald Alden of Stanford, and scores of others, both men and women, who give their services generously. So when the Drama League asks for a voice in the censorship problem it is not one voice, nor a local voice, but a large number of earnest people trying for the best way. After all, it is the "good of the child"—everything comes back to that, though the skeptical indulge in gibes and the worldly-minded scoff. What the hardened veteran sees on the screen when he drops into the nearest "show" to rest his feet, matters not at all. But what the eager eye of the budding youth falls upon when he comes plastic and hungry for knowledge of life matters tremendously. He is making the ethical standards of tomorrow, the artistic expression of tomorrow. That is why some kind of rational censorship must be devised to answer that faint question out of a long past, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

ANSWERING A FAIR QUERIST

THAT always entertaining writer of Marginal Notes in the San Francisco Star is puzzled concerning the identity of the author of the "Book of Jade" and of Leroy Mosher of "Stranded Bugle" memory. She admits—for Marginal Notes is the work of a cultured woman, a poet and a graceful essayist—that California is so rich in literature that she cannot keep track of her own. The question was asked of her: "What California writer, north or south, old or young, is author of the 'Book of Jade'? Is he a young Jewish writer, and did he end his life by suicide on the shore sands of Santa Barbara? These rumors are afloat. Was his name Joseph Ade? or Parke Barritt? It is a morbid book, but it is poetry. And what about Leroy Mosher?" adds the Chicago editor. "I have his 'Stranded Bugle' and a beautiful thing it is. They say he committed suicide, too." California, we venture to inform our esteemed colleague, may not lay claim to "The Book of Jade." Memory is vague as to its initial appearance, but probably about seven or eight years ago. It was a small yellow book, printed anonymously at the time, but the author, it transpired later, was Judith Gautier of the famous literary family of that name in Paris, of which Theophile Gautier, poet, critic, essayist, was so distinguished a representative. "A Book of Jade" had flashes of the same brilliancy that marked the outgivings of the elder Gautier, but they were the fires of the opal, in a somber setting, rather than the scintillant rays that were the illuminings of Theophile's prolific and often fantastic pen. As for the California poet, Leroy Mosher, who ended his life so tragically, he was a Los Angeles newspaperman, a writer of great power and good sense, who was also epigrammatic and pungent, candid in argument and without malice. A product of that Kansas of border warfare times, he served through the Civil War, first as a bugler, until he was old enough to carry a gun; later in Cuba and in the Philippines. He came to California in the 70's, and from the telegraph key drifted naturally into journalism. He was connected with the Los Angeles Times in an editorial capacity for a number of years, left his desk voluntarily to engage in commercial pursuits, met with ill-fortune and in a fit of melancholy took his life on the sands of the seashore at Santa Monica, the afternoon of February 23, 1904. He had the soul of a poet and while not all of his verse is poetry it is never commonplace. But "The Stranded Bugle," which gives the title to his book of poems and newspaper prose sketches (published after his death, 1905) is poetry of a high order.



HOW many "browsers" are familiar with that fascinatingly interesting compilation, "The Book of Days," of which Robert Chambers was the editor? "Was," for the Robert I have in mind was born at Peebles, Scotland, in 1802, and died at St. Andrews, March 17, 1871. He and his equally talented brother, William, founded the great publishing house which bears their name and which issued Chambers' Encyclopedia; they also founded Chambers' Journal, long a popular magazine of high standing. Curiously enough, our own Robert has William for his middle name, thus combining those borne by the two distinguished brothers. I have an idea they would not care to father any of the modern novels of high society put out by their American namesake, for their bent was largely in the line of solid and enduring literature. William was greatly interested in the literary movement on this side of the Atlantic and in our republican institutions. In 1854 he published "Things as They Are in America," and three years later "American Slavery and Color." That same year (1857) he compiled and issued a "Hand-Book of American Literature." Robert's most noted work was the "Vestiges of Creation," which the brothers published without revealing the author's name. It held sway for years as an unequalled theological-scientific sensation.

My edition of "The Book of Days" is in two volumes, the first bearing date 1863, the year of its initial publication, the second that of 1864. The elder D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature" is a sort of second cousin of this omnium gatherum, but is nowise near of so comprehensive and entertaining a nature. The editor's design was to treat of matters connected with the church calendar, including the popular festivals, saints' days, and other holidays, giving illustrations of Christian antiquities in general; also phenomena relating to the seasonal changes; folk-lore of the United Kingdom, such as popular notions and observances; notable events, biographies, and anecdotes connected with the days of the year; also articles of popular archaeology, of an entertaining character, tending to illustrate the progress of civilization, manners, literature, and ideas in the kingdom in mind. Finally, curious, fugitive and inedited pieces.

It was a big contract, but carried out with that thoroughness for which the Messrs. Chambers were noted, although the labor of preparation and writing was wholly the work of Robert. Ably and adequately has the editor mingled the agreeable with the instructive, producing a repertory of good things that cause the modern reader to marvel at the wide research of the compiler, his well-chosen language, fine blending of material interests with the ethical side of life and a means of improving the fireside wisdom of his own and the present-day. Particularly, am I delighted with the articles of popular archaeology, with reproductions of rare old engravings and sculpture of persons, places and objects, otherwise wholly lost to posterity. As showing the methods of the compiler, let me begin with January, which opens with New Year's day festivities; treats sketchily of the notable men and women who were born and died in that month and of certain feast days, together with anecdotes having their origin in the month, however distantly related. As revealing the wide scope of the publication, four or five columns are devoted to Benjamin Franklin. The editor recalls the practicality of Franklin's mind by this incident: Landing at Falmouth, England, after a dangerous voyage, he went to church to return thanks for his safe deliverance. Remarked the philosopher, "If I were a devout Catholic I should probably vow to build a church to some saint, but not being of that faith, were I to vow at all, it would be to build a lighthouse," the lack of which was sadly felt by the travelers toward the end of their voyage. Chambers observes that it is little known that it was mainly by the advice of Franklin that the English government resolved to conquer Canada, and for that purpose sent out Wolfe's expedition.

Scotsmen ought to be proud of the fact that in the days of Elizabeth high personages pronounced certain words in the same way as the common people now do in Scotland. The Book of Days gives many illustrations in point. "Gude maister" was good English in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; two was rendered "tway" and "twei" and a' stood for all. "Ony" is good Scotch for any, yet it is early English for we find Caxton using it in one of his publishing advertisements in 1490: "If it ples 'ony' man, spirituel or temporel," etc. An Englishman in those days would say "ane" for one, "sal" for shall, "amang" for among, "tald" for told, "gane" for gone and "sook" for suck as a reference to Hallowell's "Dictionary of Archaisms" will show. It is to be observed of Shakespeare that he uses fewer old or northern words than a number of his contemporaries; yet the remark is often made by Scotsmen, that much of his language, which the commentators explain for English readers, is to them intelligible as their vernacular. Spenser, too employs expressions, especially in his "Shepherd's Calendar" almost exactly like those used by a Selkirkshire shepherd on a similar occasion at this day. For example, when Thenot says, "Tell me, good Hobbenol, what gars thee greet?" he speaks pure Scotch. In this poem, Spenser also uses "tway" for two, "gait" for goat, "mickle" for much, "wark" for work, "wae" for woe, "ken" for know,

"warr" for worse, "hame" for home and "teen" for sorrow, all being Scotch terms. The differences of pronunciation between the current English and cognate languages, chiefly lie in the vowel sounds. The English have flattened down the broad A in numberless cases and interchanged the sounds of E and T in what has been intended as a process of refinement.

Naturally, I was interested in the reference to that singular man of genius, Robert Burton, famous author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," which has heretofore formed the subject of a browsing. Anthony Wood, of the Athene Oxonienses is quoted to this effect: "I have heard some of the ancients of Christ Church say, that his company was very merry, facete, and juvenile; and no man in his time did surpass him for his ready and dexterous interloading his common discourse among them with verses from the poets, or sentences from classical authors, which, being then all the fashion in the university, made his company more acceptable." It was Burton's stanzas prefixed to his celebrated work, beginning, "When I goe musing all alone," that are thought to have suggested to Milton many ideas in his "Il Pensero," which begins, it will be recalled, by employing the identical line quoted. An engraving is given of the memorial of Burton in Christchurch showing a combination of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson in physiognomy, with the high dome of the one and the broad nose of the other.

There is an interesting article on court fools and jesters, with a liberal quotation from Dr. John Doran whose "History of Court Fools" once served me for a browsing. Chambers publishes a supplementary chapter to the "History of Court Fools," in which the ingenious author makes clear, first, the date of the existence of the earliest jester; and, secondly, whether such an individual as an official fool, or fool by right of office, was still maintained in any public court or private household. He was in doubt when he wrote "finis" to his volume. His researches cause him to believe that the female official fool had precedence of the male court and household jester. When Ceres went in search of Proserpine, the queen of Eleusis sent with her one of the merriest of her maids, named lambe, renowned at court for her wit, frolicsome humor, power of repartee, and skill in saying smart things generally. She was designed to divert the sorrow of the bereaved mother by her jokes, quips and cranks. Says Dr. Doran: "There is no reason to hesitate in assigning to lambe the distinction of having been the founder of a race which is not yet extinct, and the godmother, so to speak, of satires in sharp measure which bear the name of Iambic." Doubtless, the merry Andrews of this day and age are to be found in the traveling circuses, but it was our own inimitable H. C. Bunner, a former talented editor of Puck who described himself as "court fool of the papers"—the "clown in the journalist's ring." Life occupies the role of chief jester to the American people today. There is a possibility that the renowned Will Shakespeare served in the capacity of jester to his patron. Students realize that there are four years, 1585-89, in which nothing certain is known of Shakespeare's whereabouts. In a letter addressed by Sir Philip Sydney, from Utrecht, 1586, to his father-in-law, Walsingham, there is a passage to this effect: "I wrote to you a letter by Will, my lord of Leicester's jesting player." In the first volume of the Shakespeare Society papers John Bruce asks, "Who was this Will, my lord of Leicester's jesting player?" He may have been Will Johnson or Will Kimpe or as many have hazarded, the immortal William himself! The incident serves to show, at least, that "jesting players" followed their patrons even to the tented field.

Every book-lover has heard of the Bodleian library at Oxford of which Casaubon wrote so early as 1606, soon after the completion of the first building, "A work rather for a king than a private man . . . So long as I remained at Oxford I passed whole days at the library." Sir Thomas Bodley began his education in Geneva, entering Oxford when he was fourteen. Later, he traveled abroad to acquire the modern languages, returning to his college to study history and politics. The virgin queen gave him an appointment, but politics was not to his liking and having married a rich widow, Sir Thomas devoted himself to the restoration of the public library of the university of Oxford. He started it with a contribution of books, valued at \$50,000, which he had bought on the continent. Other collections and contributions followed until it became necessary to enlarge the edifice, which Sir Thomas undertook to do. The Bodleian was opened to the public November 8, 1602; ten years later its founder died. His bust is placed in the library and an annual speech in his praise is delivered on the visitation-day of the library, November 8. Since the death of the founder the library has been vastly enriched through bequests by famous men of England whose princely gifts have combined to make the Bodleian a veritable treasure-house of rare and important volumes.

This, too, I may say of The Book of Days. It is stored with the best kind of reading and I have drawn on it freely since the two volumes, each of more than 800 pages came into my possession. Bound in pigskin, with tooled panels and gilt edges, each book has as solid an exterior as it has a meaty interior. It is a welcome addition to my library shelves. S. T. C.

STILL Told Her the "Z" Was Silent

These Polish novelists are proving almost as heavy a burden upon bars adjacent to newspaper offices as are Polish battles. Stanislaw Przybyszewski is really a greater strain on the human voice than he is on a typewriter. The other day an anxious feminine voice demanded of Ned Lawrence, editorial writer of the Herald, how to pronounce Przybyszewski. Lawrence did not turn a hair but blithely replied "The z is silent as is g in gnat." Then he looked up a copy of "Homo Sapiens" and found that an accommodating publisher had put the following pronunciation guide on the slip-cover, "Pshee-be-sheft-skee." Fortunately, perhaps, he did not have the inquirer's telephone number so she was left to wrestle alone with the problem of which z was silent.

GOSSIP FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

INDUCTION into office of the six newly elected supervisors, one-third of the membership of the board, was marked Saturday with elaborate ceremony at the new city hall. Flowers and verbal bouquets graced the farewell of the retiring members and the advent of the new. Senator "Eddie" Wolfe, fresh from his double labors as a state legislator at the extra session, led in the flood of congratulatory rhetoric. Mayor Rolph in his inaugural address reviewed the achievements of the last four years, declaring that the industrial peace which had reigned through the city was in a large measure responsible for the proud record. The faithful service of his commissioners had been rewarded by his reappointment of all the members whose terms had expired. The mayors' program included considerable development of the municipal street railway system, notably lines through the Twin Peaks tunnel and across Golden Gate Park connecting the Richmond and Sunset districts. He recommends diligent and uninterrupted prosecution of development work at Hetch Hetchy and the now familiar "acquisition by the city at the earliest possible moment of such properties of the Spring Valley Water Company as are required in conjunction with our Hetch Hetchy system." He favors a bond issue for the necessary extension of the school system and revives the scheme for the development of the Islais creek and India basin harbor by public ownership.

* * *

It seems unfortunate that all three members of the supervisors' finance committee have retired. They leave the city's treasury in very satisfactory condition with one-half of the general funds intact for the expenses of the next six months. The present bonded indebtedness amounts to \$42,889,700. The municipal street railway system since its inception has earned a total of \$3,933,792. The disbursements have amounted to \$3,324,222, leaving balance of \$609,569. The committee's report sharply resented criticisms made by tax associations, newspapers and particularly the grand jury as the "result of investigations by persons who had no definite knowledge of municipal problems and no understanding of the methods required to keep the city's accounts in proper shape." The grand jury, for instance, in its ignorance had recommended a violation of the charter.

* * *

There are three righteously indignant members of the supervisors' fire committee whose heels only have been scorched by an ugly scandal in connection with the granting of garage permits. It appears that certain lobbyists, claiming to have influence with the supervisors, have been hawking these permits to their own pecuniary advantage. The supervisors concerned have insisted upon a rigid investigation by the grand jury.

* * *

Indiscriminate sale of revolvers furnished three more victims last Saturday, a policeman wantonly shot near Alta Plaza while interrogating a suspicious character, and two women employees of a loan company in one of the central business blocks of the city who were wounded by a negro negotiating a loan.

* * *

Nearly four hundred policemen struggled for four hours with examination papers set by the civil service commission Saturday, the successful competitors to qualify for the rank of corporal. The unwanted labors caused several cases of nervous prostration, and one patrolman died the same evening from heart failure.

* * *

Startling evidence of San Francisco's "unpreparedness" is supplied in the annual report of Brigadier General Weaver, chief of coast artillery, and his criticisms apply equally to all the other alleged strongholds of the American coasts. The shortage of ammunition, he says, is the "most serious deficiency that exists." Only just enough is provided for two hours' fight. He values the defensive works of the country for which no men are provided at \$41,000,000, and other forts are shown to be deplorably short of men and practically without ammunition. There are only about 1500 men stationed at the fortifications of San Francisco Bay, when there should be at least 3300 enlisted men for the big guns and 242 additional for mine work. California is woefully short in providing militiamen as an auxiliary force to operate the land batteries. There are only 41 officers and 633 men trained to support the regulars. The authorized strength of the coast artillery corps is 701 officers and 19,019 men, but owing to the necessary distribution of the small standing army over a large skeleton organization there are 530 officers and 10,828 men less than the full quota.

* * *

Dr. David Starr Jordan, who has been ill, delivered his promised address on "Dangers of Unpreparedness" at the last meeting of the Commonwealth Club. He thought that the United States already has many army posts and naval stations that are unneeded. "It doesn't require three years to make a good soldier," he said. "Three years of bad citizenship in a way rather." The Japanese scare, he declared, came only from the New York newspapers. "We have only two points of issue with Japan, one the school matter, which is a small thing, and the land law, which, I think, if the Japanese would take the issue to the supreme court would result in the law being set aside."

San Francisco, January 12, 1916.

R. H. C.

Noted Kansas Editor Here

One of the prominent Kansas visitors in Los Angeles this week is Frank P. MacLennan, publisher of the Topeka State Journal, who is here for a brief stay. It is four or five years since Mr. MacLennan was with us and like all those who have once seen Los Angeles in the past and behold it now he is at a loss for words, editor though he is, to express his surprise at the growth. He did not say this to me, personally, but I know that he will indorse this sentiment when we are face to face.

Handicap of Economic Waste - I.

By The Editor

NEWSPAPER reports in the last few days indicate that the board of public works, concurred in by the city council, intends to commit the taxpayers to an undertaking calculated still further to hamper the community, especially the smaller property owners, already burdened by heavy taxation. According to the daily papers it has been determined to begin the paralleling of the private electrical systems serving that part of the city situate in Garvanza, Highland Park, East Los Angeles and Hollywood, with the avowed intent of furnishing electric current direct to the consumers living in these localities.

If there were a great and laudable object to be gained by pursuing this course The Graphic would not be found enlisted as a protestant, but believing as we do that it marks the beginning of a period of deplorable misuse of public funds, resulting in economic waste of vast magnitude, we conceive it to be our duty to point out in a series of articles on the subject, what the people must expect if the proposed "parallel plan" is carried out to the extent said to be contemplated by the city officials, who are popularly supposed to be conservators of the public welfare.

As is generally known the aqueduct line has brought to the city's doors a certain amount of water capable of yielding a marketable quantity of electricity. The taxpayers have generously indorsed this project, voting millions of dollars in the belief that the income to be derived from the sale of surplus water and power will justify the cost.

In order to build the power plants necessary to generate the current and for transmission purposes an extra bond issue of \$3,500,000 was voted three years ago, followed by \$6,500,000 in 1914. All of the first issue was quickly exhausted and of the later issue \$4,500,000 has been converted into cash, the money now being in hand to apply to the purpose named. The original plan of the city officials, so it was stated, was to condemn one of the three private electrical systems serving the city, taking over its equipment at a price to be affixed by arbitration before the state railroad commission.

Apparently satisfied that there was no intent to confiscate private property or work an injustice to a local industry that has been a factor in enhancing the growth of the city the people acquiesced in the plan. But there is good ground for the belief that at no time did the projectors of the movement to enter into competition with the established concerns expect to use any of the bond money to acquire one of the established systems. The sum voted was wholly inadequate for the purpose, hence the question of good faith with the people is raised at the start.

At this writing the state railroad commission is engaged in examining witnesses for the Southern California Edison Company whose testimony to date has revealed that what is known as "severance damages" must cut an important figure in fixing the sum to be paid the quasi-public utility company under condemnation proceedings. Herein is a phase of economic waste that will be a subject of future discussion, but it will be passed for the present. Enough evidence has been disclosed to prove that the alleged estimate of the city for the property to be condemned is several millions too low, as any court of equity would probably agree.

That City Engineer Scattergood was aware of such a contingency can hardly be doubted, and that the program now about to be put into effect was planned long in advance is equally obvious. With a show of alleged disappointment and an effort to make the taxpayers believe that they have tried to do justice to the private interests in jeopardy the city officials having the matter in charge apparently have decided not to await the outcome of the present hearing before the state railroad commission.

What other construction can be placed upon the reported decision of the board of public works, concurred in by the city council, to parallel the equipment of the private electrical companies serving the districts of Garvanza, Highland Park, East Los Angeles and Hollywood? If there had been no prearranged plan it is evident that no such action as is announced by the daily papers would have been taken until the state railroad commission, at least, had finished its conscientious labors and rendered a decision. In going ahead with their submerged, prearranged plans, in the manner stated, the element of courtesy to the state commission now in session in this city appears to be wholly lacking.

Regardless, then, of the verdict that shall be reached the city authorities have precipitated without due consideration and certainly without justifiable motive an era of economic waste in the administration of public affairs that augurs ill for the future. If there were conditions existing in Los Angeles that warranted the interposition of a fourth electrical company in the field, to save a long-suffering body of consumers from the rapacity of cormorant corporations, there might be excuse for the paralleling of existing lines on a wide scale. In that event, doubtless, the people would hail with joy the advent of the municipal David to attack the greedy Goliaths, regarding the added burden as a public necessity which must be borne with Spartan endurance.

But no such harrowing state of affairs exists; the community is by no means subjected to a grinding process, nor is it suffering under that imposition known as all-that-the-traffic-will-bear. To the contrary, the public is given excellent service, and the rates are considerably lower than is true in cities of equal size elsewhere. From eleven cents the price, in the last eight years has been reduced to 5½ cents, the reduction being in inverse ratio to the annual growth of Los Angeles. At this time it is said to be as low as the fixed charges on the properties and capital employed justify, as viewed by the state railroad commission, which is

the sole arbiter of the retail price to consumers and to whose rules and regulations the quasi-public utility companies are amenable.

What does the city expect to give the consumers, in return for the vast outlay that is inevitable, which they are not now receiving? Possibly, a five-cent rate? But that is not certain, because the expense of installation is likely to demand a better return on the investment. It may come in time, with the continued growth of the city, giving an increased number of consumers that will warrant a lower price. But in that event the established companies, if unhampered by ruinous competition, would be in a position to give the people the benefit of a similar rate.

What folly, then, to embark upon an undertaking of the nature noted which must, in the end, involve the city in an expenditure of from twenty-five to thirty millions of dollars? If the promised results were the most roseate, if the objects to be gained were the most desirable the expense would still be staggering. But there is no pot of gold at the end of the municipal rainbow for the people to grasp by way of compensation. They are, apparently, to be led into this gigantic piece of folly willy nilly, the responsible officials refraining from a plain statement of what is intended, what is likely to be the ultimate expense, and what the net gains to the too-trusting public will be.

The Graphic cannot be silent when so flagrant a crime against economics is in the brewing. Money for investment in California is elusive enough, owing to various causes, without having the city's credit curtailed and, perhaps, ruined, in the manner proposed. It is probable that millions of dollars have been drawn to Los Angeles by the three electrical companies whose properties are now threatened by the unwise and unnecessary irruption of a fourth public service. Are these heavy tax contributors to the city to be given no consideration by the municipality which has been instrumental in inviting their confidence?

What shall be said to other trusting capital that we may fondly hope shall find a habitat here? That after having pioneered and made a market for its manufactured product it must sell out for an arbitrary sum or submit to unfair competition by the city? But that is not all. The money thus deflected to parallel existing systems cannot be spent twice. Having used its credit in unnecessary directions and to meet no crying want there is bound to be a scarcity of funds required for undertakings of genuine and of pressing need.

Where are they to come from? It must be patent to the most unthinking person that the city cannot hope to take over the business of established concerns without a grueling contest for supremacy. In this unfortunate rivalry the economic status of both sides will receive staggering jolts and the financial world will be aghast at the spectacle. Municipal bond issues to meet the pressure will be imperative but how can they be marketed when the object is reverse of economic stability? Step by step the city's attempt to take away the good-will earning power of the private companies will be fought, to the detriment of all concerned. In the end, if the city emerges victorious what will the people have gained? An enormously added burden of taxation, and the privilege of paying about the same price for their electric lights that now rules.

What shall it profit a city if it take over the entire electric traffic, eventually, at so tremendous a cost? Even now, the realty market is abnormally sluggish. Adding twenty-five or thirty millions of public debt to that already imposed is not likely to attract outside capital for investment, especially after the world has had opportunity to diagnose the supreme folly of the paralleling now in its incipient stages.

Every owner of a fifty-foot lot of ground in the localities threatened with the pole inundation nuisance by the city is as vitally interested in this promised invasion as will be their neighbors when the economic waste plan extends to contiguous territories. The pole evil that the Municipal League, under the late Charles D. Willard, fought so earnestly to eliminate, is to be acutely recrudescient. There will be no recourse. The city is an autocrat and is subservient to no will. A public utility company may be disciplined, fined, lose its franchise rights, but the city overrides all objections. It is for the public welfare.

Obviously, the prospect is not pleasing. If the incentive were such as to warrant any expense, any desecration of the landscape, invasion of lawn or alley, the outlook might be contemplated with less of a mental wrench. But, as shown, it is all so unnecessary, so futile of good results. For municipal ownership of water The Graphic has the most wholesome respect. The first editorial this writer penned fifteen years ago in Los Angeles was in favor of the city taking over the private plant and all that he then predicted, and more, as the city's reward, has followed. There was no attempt to treat the private company unfairly; in fact, it received adequate compensation for its investment, since the right to the water itself was vested in the city.

In this instance, however, a commodity is to be manufactured and retailed for a community already amply supplied and receiving excellent service. The low rates, with free lamps, are the envy of other cities less fortunately situated. The rights of the consumers are zealously guarded by a state commission in which the people have full confidence. The public is satisfied. Yet the status quo is about to be rudely disturbed.

But the city, it will be said, has a side product of its aqueduct to market for which it is entitled to get the highest price obtainable. Granted. But in the effort to gain this revenue it were well to reveal ordinary commercial acumen. If the expense of retailing means a heavy expenditure, which is attended with a certain risk, it is wiser, perhaps, to wholesale the product and

let the purchaser do all the worrying. The city's finances are not in the most approved shape; the people are in no mood to stand repeated calls upon the public purse. In the event of a shortage of funds to carry on the economic blunder now in the making there is likely to be a storm of protest from the people that will greatly disturb the ambitious politicians now leading them into a cul-de-sac.

If the funds now available for power plants and transmission equipment were expended in developing all the current possible, that might be marketed without delay and without expense to the taxpayers, we undertake to say that the public welfare would be immeasurably better conserved than by plunging into the era of extravagance, because of duplication of plants, which the city officials are now facing. A good income from the by-product would be assured, the consumers might be given the still lower rate promised by the city and the economic status instead of being disrupted would be preserved intact. These various reasons which appeal to us so forcibly, we believe will also find favor with any taxpayer who lets his or her mind grapple with the problem. The trouble is, the average citizen is content to have his thinking done for him. He elects city officials to conduct the city's business and is too apathetic to note whether or not it is done as he would do it himself. It is only when he finds that he is running heavily into debt that he howls dismally and wants a change of administration. This is written with the intent to stimulate his howl in good season.

Sidetracked for the Overland: a Vignette

WE are all standing on the platform of a station in the desert. It is a warm night and from across the way one can hear the music of a tramp orchestra in Ole Olson's saloon.

Fred, the night operator, has already hung the marker lantern on the mail crane and is busy copying an order for No. 1.

We have traveled by automobile from another desert town just over the state line and are very hungry. We must wait until No. 8, the limited, comes down the hill. It is really the rim of a huge valley, not a hill, and is forty miles, by rail, from the summit to base.

Soon Fred comes out and announces, "She's in Cima now, cutting off her helper."

As we gaze toward Cima, a new star appears, no, it isn't a star; it's gone now! Fred tells me it's the helper at Cima, cutting off and running around the wye.

Now the headlight of the limited appears over the crest of the hill, looking at that distance like a new and brilliant planet. Nearer and nearer every turn of the wheels, gradually, but imperceptibly, growing larger. Now she swings around the curves, showing her sides, sometimes the front. She is near enough now for us to see the lights in the coach windows.

Along a straight stretch of track she rushes, directly at us, until we feel as if we ought to move back. Suddenly, four blasts ring out from the mellow chime, the operator lowers the semaphore, two blasts answer, the engineer's signal that he has seen and understood, and that all is well. The rails sing their protest at the heavy weight rushing over them; the sound increases until it is a roar; all that is seen is a confused impression of mighty drivers, madly whirling siderods, a blast of flame from the roaring firebox and over it all a cool calm personage whose eyes see everything and whose ears hear everything. With his clear cut face, dimly outlined by the cablights, and piercing sharp eyes, the engineer could be likened to the eagle which he so much resembles.

Coaches whirl by. In the diner men and women are seated; using the best of china, silverware, and the whitest of linen. It is a kind of paradise whirling over the desert.

She is gone! All that is left is a cloud of dust, the singing rails and two unblinking red eyes getting fainter every minute until at last a curve has blotted them out.

Our train, which has pulled in out of the way at Lyons, now comes in sight and later rolls into the station. We climb aboard and soon are engaged in getting away with a nice little luncheon in the diner. We are going back to civilization, to drink the best brew out of a glass and see a real show again. After a hearty meal I crawl into my little bunk and as our train tops the hill I am lost in slumber to waken in the country where the hills are so green as to be unreal.

DESERT RAT

Cubes and Cones

Again, we've quarreled, my friend,
this is the end—
my heart is full of crashing planes of hate,
poisonous angles twist and irritate,
in my head, squares bang and jangle,
cubes of loathing block and wrangle.
My tongue
quick swung
the oblong words from off its point,
and all the values of my soul are out of joint.

Again, as usual, we have made it up,
with cone-like smiles,
and curving wiles,
the angles hid within the rounded cup
of the snug, smoking pipe of peace.

But, I know,
when you go
I shall not cease
to ponder, as I watch the smoke rings roll;
why you have power to break my self control?

—PAULINE B. BARRINGTON

With the Modern Poets

By Marguerite Wilkinson

What Is Vers Libre?

"COULD one define vers libre by saying that it has rhythm, but not meter?" This is one of the questions that has come in to us with the happy New Year and one which people of culture are asking again and again. It was rather well answered in Poetry for March 1914, by Amy Lowell. She introduces the subject in this way: "It is the fashion today to call everything which is without meter vers libre. According to those who most frequently use this term, vers libre fades imperceptibly into prose, and, in some cases, indeed, to the lay mind, it actually is prose. The object of this article is to establish a division in the spectrum of word-values, and to show how the extreme of prose at one end changes to the extreme of poetry at the other, through the grades of 'metrical prose' and 'vers libre.'"

Miss Lowell goes on to show that it is the length of the waves of sound, or representing it graphically, the length of the curve of the line, and the sharpness of the curve, and the return upon itself which makes the difference between vers libre and metrical prose. "The rhythm of prose is long and slightly curved," she says, the rhythm of verse very much shorter, with a tendency to return back upon itself. As an example of good prose she quotes a passage from Anthony's speech over the dead body of Caesar. As an example of verse she quotes a stanza from Yankee Doodle. As an example of metrical prose she quotes a passage from Walt Whitman—not one of his best passages, and as an example of vers libre she gives the following lines from Edward Carpenter's "Toward Democracy."

I look upon my life as from afar;
I hear its murmur, mark its changeful sheen,
(As one who from a high cliff marks the waves
He just now rode on),
Beautiful, gleaming, shot with hues from heaven,
With strange pale lustre—beautiful indeed,
O God, from this great eminence of Death.

If we accept this classification of Amy Lowell's, and her definition of what constitutes vers libre we shall be obliged to admit that much of the so-called free verse published in American magazines is not really verse but prose or metrical prose, even when it is poetry! Perhaps, we shall even have to re-define poetry. There is no problem more subtle and intricate than the classification of poems, for the gradations of difference between any two kinds of verse, between any two individual poems, may be slight. It is a rigorous test of intelligence to be forced to say just when free verse begins to be free verse, or just when it begins to be prose. Perhaps, John Gould Fletcher's definition is as good as any, when he says that free verse depends upon "a regularity of strophic grouping," not a regularity of machine cut lines.

And I think we have a right to be a little resentful of the phrase "vers libertines" suggested by a glib conservative somebody as a name for the makers of free verse. Free verse is difficult to write if one would write it well. Every superfluous adjective or adverb must be omitted, and all the other words that could be used to pad and fill lines by the maker of conventional metrical stanzas. In free verse such superfluous words loom up large and ridiculous. And the emotion must be much more concentrated than in conventional verse for the mnemonic value of the lines in free verse is less. The picture must be clearer in free verse and the creative force or passion stronger if the poem is to be memorable.

But with these requirements perfectly satisfied there seems to be no reason why the greatest poem of all time might not be written in free verse. For it is probable that mankind made poems for thousands of years before it became the custom to divide them into lines of the same length or into symmetrical stanzas and why should we suppose that a few hundred years ago men discovered the only right way of making poems and that they must henceforth be written metrically and symmetrically until the end of time? A poem is great because it is the creation of genius, and it is never great for any other reason. A genius could create a poem in vers libre, or in metrical stanzas.

Recently, the writer passed through a valley just south of Los Angeles, on a rapidly moving railroad train. Near the train were farms and gardens and orchards, cabbages in long rows and square plots, walnut and lemon and orange trees placed at regular intervals, the metrical stanzas of men. But beyond them and above were the snow-capped purple mountains, a lofty uneven line of beauty, the free rhythm of nature and the gods!

In Philadelphia a new poetry magazine is to be founded. It is to be called Contemporary Verse. The Bulletin of The Poetry Society tells us that among the contributors will be Joyce Kilmer, Louis Untermeyer, Don Marquis, Hermann Hagedorn, Thomas Augustine Daly and Robert Haven Schauffler.

Joyce Kilmer writes criticism for the New York Times and recently published in that paper an interesting article on Lionel Johnson and his poetry in which he took occasion to deplore the fact that Johnson's work was not recognized as valuable until thirteen years after his death, because, in the late nineties there was a vogue of the "new" or "fin de siecle" poetry. Says Mr. Kilmer, "It was the fashion to write about 'old and weary passion,' 'sick fancy,' 'pearl powder upon fragile cheeks' and all that sort of thing." Mr. Kilmer is what is called a "reactionary" in poetry—that is, he believes that poetry should be written according to the old traditions of English verse, and is chiefly in sympathy with poets who respect and follow those traditions.

Don Marquis, who has been mentioned more than once in this department, writes for the New York Sun, and Louis Untermeyer for the Chicago Evening Post.

Hermann Hagedorn and Robert Haven Schauffler made many friends in California when they visited the coast three or four years ago. Both are conservatives. Robert Haven Schauffler has written a number of delightful essays for the Atlantic Monthly and many people like his prose better than his verse. His best known poem is "The Scum of the Earth," written about the immigrants coming into New York harbor to be a part of the life of the new world. He is the son of an American missionary and was born, I believe, in Armenia. In his boyhood he expected to give his life to music and is said to be a rarely excellent 'cellist, but was led from music to poetry by a great enthusiasm for Browning, and then resolved to make poetry his life work.

Such a list of contributors would seem to argue that the new magazine will be a delight to lovers of reactionary poetry. It is likely to be more conservative in type than any of the other magazines of verse now published. Poetry Journal and Poetry have much sympathy with the new in poetic art, but give space also to verse that is written according to the old traditions. Others is pretty exclusively given over to poetry of the new kind. And it would be a good thing for the reactionaries (and for the public) to have an organ of their own, also. For by the conflict and friction of opinions is engendered the heat of real progress in taste. And if those who have the interests of American poetry at heart would make a point of reading many kinds of verse and of choosing the best of each kind for discussion and comment they would be helping this country to put off her literary adolescence as a worn out garment, and to assume a mature culture.

Radical—conservative—imagist—reactionary are all names of more or less temporary classifications. But if a poet be really a poet he can make his flower of poesy grow in the conservatory of the old homestead, if that be his desire, or he can nourish the roots of it in the wild garden of the unexplored. And if the critic be a real critic he will know the flower from the weed

s spite of the fact that his first success is a tragedy, he is capable of humor as droll and delicate as Barrie's.

Ruth Comfort Mitchell, who used to live in Los Angeles and who has done much good work for magazines in the last year, has a refreshing and naturally dramatic poem in Poetry for January. It is called "Saint John of Nepomuc" and the opening stanzas, written in that peculiar parlance which might be called "college dialect" tells the story of an obviously American freshman looking at pictures of saints and "madonnas by the mile," in Prague, and of his interest in the story of John of Nepomuc, a court chaplain who would not reveal to the king the queen's confession and was therefore slain. And then the freshman says of the tablet that tells the story, "here's how I got this thing . . . :

He saw the startled courtiers, straining their ears;
He saw the white queen swaying, striving to stand;
He saw the soldiers tensely gripping their spears,
Waiting the king's command;
He heard a small page drawing a sobbing breath;
He heard a bird's call, poignant and sweet and low;
He heard the rush of the river, spelling death,
Mocking him, down below.
But he only said, "My liege,
To my honor you lay siege,
And that fortress you can never overthrow."

He thought of how he had led them all the years;
He thought of how he had served them, death and birth;
He thought of healing their hates, stilling their fears....
Humbly he weighed his worth.
He knew he was leaving them, far from the goal;
He knew with a deep joy, it was safe...and wise.
He knew that now the pale queen's pitiful soul
Would awake and arise.

And he only said, "My king,
Every argument you bring
Merely sets my duty forth in sterner guise."

He felt the spear's points, merciless thrust him down;
He felt the exquisite, fierce glory of pain;
He felt the bright waves eager, reaching to drown,
Engulf him, body and brain.
He sensed cries, faint and clamorous, far behind;
He sensed cool peace, and the buoyant arms of love;
He sensed like a beacon, clear, beckoning, kind,
Five stars, floating above....

To the ones who watched it seemed
That he slept...and smiled...and dreamed.
"And the waters were abated...and the dove."

Intimes

University of Michigan has organized a poetry society. It was ushered in with a ten day's festival at which Edwin Markham, Richard Le Gallienne, Cale Young Rice and others were present by invitation of the committed and lectured or read from their work. The society is indorsed by the English department, financed generously by its promoters, exploited by the college papers, and bids fair to start with an enthusiasm that should carry it far toward success and achievement. Every university in the country should have just such an organization. It would serve to prevent any student from leaving college with the idea that English poetry died a sudden death soon after Tennyson went, and it would open the doors of interest and opportunity to any talented undergraduate, and bring him into closer correspondence with the spirit of contemporary work.

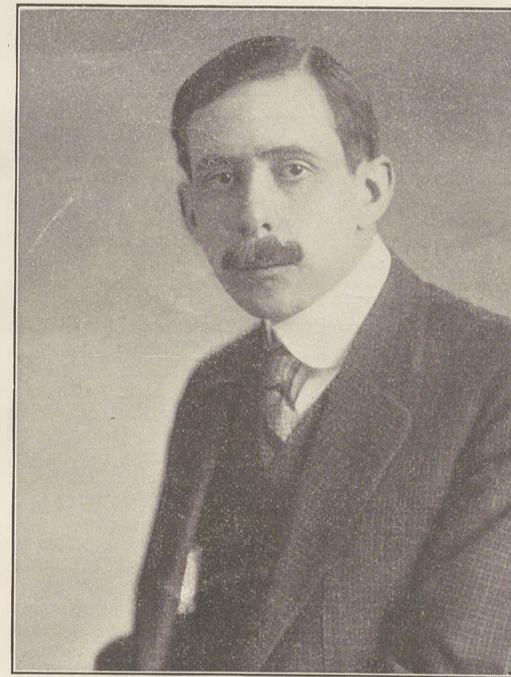
In Salt Lake City a club has been organized for the study of new poets, by Mrs. Katharine Howard. Bravo Salt Lake City! Cale Young Rice is the author chosen this year for especial honor by the Kentucky Educational Association—a body of about five thousand professors and teachers which will meet in Louisville in the spring. Mr. Rice has a new volume of lyrics in press.

Amy Lowell is coming to be more and more prominent in American letters. She is frequently named as the best of the imagists, and an Eastern poet, not of the imagist school, writes that she has "that almost extinct thing—real and deep-reaching education—the 'culture' that Katharine Gerould says has so nearly vanished. She is delightful." The Boston Record calls her "Boston's famous woman poet" and the New York Times tells us with becoming gravity (as if it were a matter of importance) that her chief recreation is said to be the breeding and raising of English sheep-dogs! When such information is seriously given as a news item we can be sure the personality is important to the public.

But Miss Lowell has just furnished the poetry reading public with a good reason for believing that she is important—her new book about six French poets, published by The Macmillan Company. It deals with the work of Emile Verhaeren, Albert Samain, Henri de Regnier, Francis Jammes, Paul Fort and Remy de Gourmont. The last of these poets, Remy de Gourmont, is only recently deceased and the magazines have much to say of his life and work. In the New Republic is a particularly interesting article about him by Havelock Ellis. In this article Mr. Ellis says:

"He was from its inception actively associated in the direction and the connected public activities of the Mercure de France, the most vital, alert, and comprehensive of the world's literary reviews, and probably had a hand in every number of that review until its temporary suspension on the outbreak of the war." "He was not only a critic of books, but a great critic of life."

In addition to the usual prize that Poetry gives yearly two others are now offered. One is a prize of a hundred dollars for the best play in verse submitted before March 1. The prize is offered by the Players Producing Company. The other is a prize of a hundred dollars offered by Mrs. Julius Rosenwald for a lyric poem published in Poetry in the fourth year of its existence—that is before next September. In case the committee feels any doubt about this award the preference will be given to a poet comparatively young and unknown.



Cloyd Head, Author of "Grotesques"

no matter where he finds it growing. Conservatives should really honor radicals because they are inventive, and, when they contribute anything at all, contribute a fresh creative impulse. And radicals should honor conservatives for keeping the faith and proving that which is good.

Literary and artistic Chicago is thrilled by the recent presentation of Cloyd Head's "Grotesques" at the Little Theater. First, the Chicago Evening Post reviewed it at length, and then Mary Aldis, a Chicago poet of growing reputation wrote a poem about it which was published in the same paper. Then the Little Review had much that was complimentary to say of it, and now Miss Monroe speaks with genuine enthusiasm in the January number of Poetry. She describes her feeling of exaltation in witnessing the performance. "Could it be that a young poet here in boiling, bubbling Chicago, was seeing visions and setting them forth in a new, strange form too beautiful to die? Was I listening to a bold interpreter of the mystery and poetry of life, one who felt and could suggest its magic and despair?" Very likely she was. And "Grotesques" seems to be the sensation of the hour.

Cloyd Head, ever since he was old enough to begin a devotion to anything, has been devoted to drama. Such a single-hearted devotion to any form of art may be taken as an indication of probable achievement. It is even whispered that in his college days, at Northwestern University, he at times preferred the reading of drama to attendance on the classes in mathematics and science which are usually adjudged necessary to the education of youth. And it may be true that he sometimes preferred an evening at the play to one of grinding preparation for the student's inevitable tomorrow. But he was creditably graduated, nevertheless, a fact that does not detract at all from his artistic standing, and since leaving college has worked steadily and faithfully in his chosen field. As a literary artist he is an uncompromising idealist. And in

UPLIFT VIA TRANSCONTINENTAL WIRE!

By Randolph Bartlett

THROUGH the medium of the occasionally veracious New York Journal, information has reached the east to the effect that the Los Angeles Examiner's almost new building has been dedicated. The Hearst-Selig news photographers were on the job, and there was a charming picture of a scene in Mr. Hearst's home on Riverside Drive, connected by telephone with the building in the suburbs of Los Angeles for the occasion. Among those present was Senator O'Gorman. Doubtless, his few well-chosen words, sent by mail several days in advance so there would be no mistake, were reproduced in Los Angeles for the edification of the folk of the hinterland. Mr. Hearst also indulged in a few extemporaneous remarks to the extent of about a column of reading matter. It seemed, in fact, to be one of Willie's reckless evenings. Everybody talked over the transcontinental wire, though, apparently, all Max Ihmsen was allowed was time to wish his boss a Happy New Year, getting into the story picturesquely, however, in this bit:

"Mr. Ihmsen drew the transmitter toward him. He pressed the receiver tighter against his head. The group about him drew their chairs closer to the table."

The Journal account does not state by what means it received the description of this scene, whether by leased wire or over the telephone itself. But to such as have not the means to indulge themselves in transcontinental telephone conversations, it will be interesting to note what it sounds like. It is "a sonorous hum," that comes over the wire. Then it becomes a "baritone hum." When Mr. Hearst speaks it swells to a "musical roar," doubtless in compliment to the newspaper lion.

Mr. Hearst's few brief remarks, telling Mr. Ihmsen how he wanted the Los Angeles Examiner run, now that it is in the new building, are noble utterances. Yet one who knows about that Examiner building, occasionally feels like offering amendments. Possibly, Mr. Hearst has not been in Los Angeles recently. Perhaps, Mr. Ihmsen's information has not been detailed. Be that as it may, when he says, "You have built your building. The construction of your newspaper has only barely begun," did he mean something like this: "I furnished the money for the building, but hang it all, you can't expect me to put in the elevators and the grand staircase. That must come out of the profits. And if you are tired using the temporary entrance on Eleventh street, it is up to you to complete the internal structure as well."

But Mr. Hearst has a few original ideas about newspapers, and he took this opportunity to divulge them to Mr. Ihmsen. Friend Max, doubtless, was edified to know these things, for example, as he listened at the far end of that telephone wire:

"A great newspaper is the sword of the people."

"It is an educational force which supplements the schools."

"It is the torch which Liberty lifts aloft for the enlightenment of the world."

"It is a moral force, second only to the church."

Now that the policy of the Los Angeles Examiner has been definitely settled by long distance telephone, before a large and admiring group of prominent persons, one wonders how it has managed to struggle along, lo, these many years, more particularly those which have elapsed since it moved into its present home. Since the building has been dedicated only these few days, possibly any lapses from strict ethics which have, or may have occurred in the past, are to be condoned on the ground that the Great Master had not had the time to evolve these startling principles, a few samples of which are quoted above. With these placed before the staff, it is reasonable to expect that there will be great uplift at Eleventh and Broadway, from copy-boys to cupola. By the way—where was Fred Eldridge all evening? Was it his night off? Or did he, John Dillon, Otheman Stevens and Charley Eytion have one of their interesting engagements with the collector of the port?

I feel that I am developing psychic powers. Try as I will, I cannot shake off the impression that, following these touching ceremonies of dedication, the hearty Max went into his private office, slammed his desk shut, and slipping on his coat murmured softly to himself:

"Bull!"

And straightway departed for Levy's.
Am I right?

By the way, I suppose the building is finished by now.

There are few educational factors of the present time so potent as the moving picture. Here are a few remarkable things discovered merely through passing an hour or so in watching Arnold Daly in an "Ashton Kirk, Secret Service" film and Sidney Ayres in a typical Universal offering:

That a brilliant detective will accept an invitation to a house where he believes a band of criminals to be living, without notifying anyone that he is going there.

That once there, he will overcome almost a dozen jiu jitsu experts, but will finally be overcome by superior numbers.

That the secretary of state is to be found in his office, without previous appointment, after midnight.

That the Japanese ambassador wears Chinese clothing.

That a devout Catholic will steal a scapular.

That Arnold Daly, one of the greatest of stage actors, is one of the worst of film players.

That Sidney Ayres, one of the worst of stage actors, is one of the best film players.

That in a western town whose Main street is a row of rickety shacks and which still is terrorized by a "bad man," neatly trimmed cypress hedges and a handsome two-story court-house are matters of course.

That if a man of good reputation is attacked by a notorious "bad man," and kills his assailant by accident

in the struggle, there being no witnesses, the man who was attacked will be found guilty of murder in the first degree. But if, upon escaping on a fleet steed, making a new start in life and becoming a great criminal lawyer, he tells this story (naming no names) to a jury in a similar case, the accused man will be acquitted, and the lawyer will marry the girl he (the lawyer) loves.

Another interesting phase of law I discovered recently, was that if the house belonging to the villain burns down, and a ring belonging to a man the villain dislikes is found in the ruins, it is evidence sufficient to convict the villain of burning down his own house to kill his enemy. This is not an entirely original idea, however; its logical precursor, it will be recalled, is to be found in Charles Lamb's essay "On Roast Pig."

Verily, we learn many things in attending the movies. They provide an educational force that must be reckoned with. Most interesting of all are the interpretations of criminal law, and young men who aspire to be admitted to the bar should not neglect this inexpensive form of instruction. I cannot but recall that classic from The Graphic of more than a year ago, the author of which, I believe, was Homer Earle:

Willie to the movies went,
For to improve his mind.
He saw a lady kill a gent,
And came away refined.

Of course, there are good moving pictures, but they are not in demand in New York, excepting at a few of the down town theaters.

The great dramatic novelty of the year—practically the only one, if you except "The Unchaste Woman"—is a one-act play, "Overtones," done at the Bandbox Theater by the Washington Square Players. It is by Alice Gerstenberg of Chicago, the only American play on a bill of four tabloids, so little good native drama can these discriminating producers find. "Overtones" is a conversation between two women, one who had rejected a certain artist because he was poor, and later married a wealthy man with unhappy results, and the other wife of the artist, who is successful, but in dire need of money. These women are the overtones, their real selves impersonated by two women in plain drapings and heavy veils, voicing their real thoughts as the conversation goes on. These "overtones," one would imagine, should have been made as inconspicuous as possible, and should have been as nearly shadows as the stage permits, but making the common error of mistaking physical action for dramatic action, these figures run about and finally break all the rules of the dramatic unities of the piece, by flying at each other's throats. Still, the idea is brilliantly original, and forms an interesting contrast with the other things on the bill. The imported pieces are by brilliant craftsmen, employing their talent on unworthy ideas; "Overtones" is a case of the amateur handling an idea worthy of the master craftsman.

New York, January 10, 1916.

Randolph Bartlett Gains Recognition

From time to time I have received inquiries as to what progress that brilliant writer, Randolph Bartlett, my former associate editor, is making in his literary invasion of New York. It is a pleasure to be able to tell his friends that Randolph has made a measurable dent in the metropolis, as I felt certain he would. He recently disposed of a novelette to Ainslee's which is to be published this spring, but the title for which has not yet been settled. In addition, he sold this same magazine a short story soon to be published, and on the strength of these two contributions and a poem, "Boulevard Children," which Ainslee's also bought, has an order for a series of psychological sex stories for publication. In December Smart Set Randolph had a delicious satire on tipping; in the current issue there is an unconventional Christmas story of his entitled "Nowell," and next month he will have in Smart Set a one-act comedy, "The Respective Virtues of Heloise and Maggie." Then there is to appear in the February Parisienne a story, "The Barbarian," which Randolph wrote under the name of Drayton Hall, a choice I believe he now regrets since the story is pronounced by his New York friends one of the best things he has done. Besides all this work he has found time, without slighting his highly diverting weekly letter to The Graphic, to write and dispose of several humorous lyrics and numerous contributions to the Photoplay Magazine. Randolph entertains no illusions about having the magazine world at his feet but the recognition he has already received indicates to his well-wishers that his name in time will become one of the best known in present-day fiction.

Song

I often think of you
With a sense of peace and rest;
As if my feelings flew
To the safest place and best,
By instinct deep and true;
As a bird flies to its nest.

I often think of you,
Though I seldom see your face;
It seems as if you knew
The appointed time and place
When my weary soul withdrew
For a moment's breathing space.

I often think of you,
When my restless spirit turns
From the path it must pursue.
From the crowd and its concerns,
To the love which is its due.
And the life for which it yearns.

I often think of you
When fate has flung its dart,
Then Hone springs up, anew.
The dark clouds drift apart,
The sky is bright and blue
And the sun shines in my heart.

—GERTRUDE DARLOW



Shake-Up in the Times Office

I hear that the general nearly lost his temper last week—so unusual an occurrence as to deserve mention, especially as the results proved so revolutionary in the Times building as to create a mild sensation in contemporary offices. To adopt the argot of the street, the general "did an E. T. Earl," meaning thereby that he indulged in his fellow publisher's favorite pastime of discharging old and trusted employees. Those to feel the weight of the chief editor's displeasure were John L. Von Blon, city editor, and Burl Armstrong, political reporter. To think of the Times without its Von Blon is almost like thinking of it without its anti-union policies. For seventeen years Von had been with the Times, the greater number of them as Cerberus of the city desk and a vigilant custodian he was. No need of a printed black-list with Von on the desk; he knew the Otis hostilities by heart. No doubt has existed in the minds of those familiar with Los Angeles newspaperdom of the abilities of John Von Blon, practically the only complaint ever heard against him being that his arteries were iced. Armstrong, likewise, is a particularly capable newspaper man whose grasp on the political situation in California is acute and especially valuable to the Times because he knew its propensities so well. Apparently, Gen. Otis was not dissatisfied with the work of his henchmen. Rumor has it that their sudden "canning" was due to alleged attempts to sell chances in the rafting of a launch in which Von Blon was interested and it is said the general became imbued with the idea that they were using their positions in inducing sale of the tickets. This attitude is by no means discreditable to the publisher, but his action was a bit drastic, perhaps, considering his city editor's years of capable service. The idea has persisted in other local city rooms that all was not harmonious in the Times editorial forces, former employees of that paper conveying the impression that if a reporter was hired by Harry E. Andrews, the managing editor, he was in for a hard time with Von Blon, while Andrews did not look any too favorably on Von's additions to the staff. But Andrews is said to be genuinely distressed over the loss of his capable city editor, upon whose thorough knowledge of Times policies he had come to lean heavily. It is also whispered that Harry Chandler did not relish the sentence dealt and had hoped to avert it. By the forcible removal of Von Blon, Ralph W. Trueblood, who had been his assistant, has been advanced to the city-editorship. Trueblood has been with the Times a number of years, though not nearly so long as his predecessor. There is a rumor that Harry Chandler is on a still hunt for a city editor from outside Los Angeles, but this may be airy persiflage. Whether or not Trueblood has succeeded to the Los Angeles correspondence of the San Francisco Chronicle, which Von Blon had, I do not know. The Chronicle work is regarded as one of the newspaper snaps.

"Mysterious Stranger" Returns

By the Times shakeup there has been brought back to Los Angeles one of its former familiar newspaper figures, the "mysterious stranger," S. Fred Hogue, who is again inscribed on the Otis payroll, after several years of journalistic adventure in other fields, a portion of which time he was managing editor of Patrick Calhoun's Post in San Francisco. I understand Hogue has been given Armstrong's old post of political reporter. It was when Fred was city hall reporter for the Times, years ago, that he earned the sobriquet of "mysterious stranger" by his particular methods of getting news. Did Fred wish to ascertain the tax rate of the city three years previously? If his private files did not disclose the information, he would take the city auditor, lead him down a dusty city hall stairway to a remote corner of the basement, and there in a whisper put the momentous question. If Fred happened to arrive at a council meeting just after it adjourned he did nothing so coarse as to ask if that deliberate body would meet again in the afternoon or not until the morrow. Instead, he would walk two blocks down Broadway with the president of the council and then, when in a spot where he felt they would not be recognized, he would insinuate his inquiries. Everything Hogue did was to be understood by the other fellow as "strictly on the q. t." This week he has been applying his familiar tactics at Sacramento, I hear, covering the special session of the legislature for the Times.

Robbing a \$1500-Wife

There never has been developed complete judicial unanimity as to the financial value of wives, judges, like the rest of humanity, inclining to accept the idea that it depends largely upon the wife. Therefore, statistics are lacking upon which to determine whether the Examiner was seeking to buy or bear the wife market in its published quotations of these often desirable appendices when it said in a headline the other day "\$1500 Wife's Jewelry Stolen." The valuables taken from this "\$1500 wife" consisted of two diamond earrings, a locket set with diamonds and rubies and a brooch set with seven diamonds. On this basis it may be imagined that if a "\$15,000 wife" were robbed she would lose twenty diamond earrings, ten lockets and a brooch set with seventy diamonds. Beyond this point I hesitate to go, referring the matter to a mathema-

tician or a jeweler. What I wish to know is whether or not the valuation was given authoritatively by the "\$1500 wife's" husband or was it arbitrarily fixed by a reporter after he had interviewed the appraised loser of the jewelry?

Concession to Circulation Department

Wednesday morning there came out of Mexico a news story which may or may not be true but which can only be described as "big." It reported the brutal slaying of fifteen or sixteen Americans by Villa troops and the story was carried on the wires of every news agency in this country. Wednesday morning for the first time in months, I believe, the Los Angeles Tribune did not carry a Mexican story on the front page of the regular edition. On an inside page was the report of the shooting of the Americans. This may have been a display of unusual acumen in determining the truth of news but why, in the face of this stand, can it be that the Express of Wednesday afternoon, eight hours after the other morning papers had played up the story, used two hundred and forty-four point headline type to announce to an anxiously waiting world that "Massacre Stirs U. S.?" Did Edwin order another of those sudden concessions of conviction to circulation?

Two Good Men Recognized

Over at the Tribune office, too, an important change on the staff has been made, I hear, but differing from the Times shake-up in that the member leaving is doing so of his own volition. Monroe Lathrop has resigned as dramatic critic and is to become associated with the Clune Producing Company as publicity director. Mr. Clune is to be congratulated on his foresight in obtaining the services of a man of Mr. Lathrop's ability to exploit the fine motion picture productions the company has under way. Lathrop has been, I believe, the sanest dramatic critic of recent years in Los Angeles, a man who knew his subject thoroughly and who was conscientious enough to do justice to plays even if he had to sacrifice opportunities to show his own brilliancy in biting criticism. A gleam of intelligence has been shown in the Tribune management in the recognition of the fact that its dramatic column was one part of the paper which was not a journalistic joke. To lose Lathrop would be a severe blow to the Earl sheet had not Managing Editor Hoskins had the foresight to engage a worthy substitute in Maitland Davies, who since he came here from Phoenix last fall has created a distinct place for himself in theatrical affairs. He is to begin his new duties next week. Davies it was who conducted Quinn's highly successful publicity campaign for "Damaged Goods." He is a graceful writer, a clever judge of stage craft and ably fitted to maintain the family reputation established by his brother Acton Davies, one of the most noted dramatic critics of New York.

Cyril Bretherton Our War Correspondent

Readers of The Graphic will be pleased, I am sure, to learn that Cyril H. Bretherton, that former Los Angelan whose departure for the war front I chronicled last week, is to write a series of weekly war articles for this publication. Cyril's wife and surviving daughter—one other child was lost in the torpedoing of the Lusitania—are now in England, and from the rational capital, where he has been writing editorials for the Washington Herald, Cyril writes me, "I am very happy to be going home and do not at present look beyond that. The war seems slow but sure." It is the expectation of the clever young lawyer that he will "jine the army."

As Dr. Ferbert Sees Florida

Dr. John C. Ferbert, who left here several weeks ago to enjoy the holidays with the home folks in Cleveland, is returning home by way of Florida and New Orleans. From Jacksonville he writes me the following meaty reflections on the state of which that city is the metropolis: "To tell you my impression of Florida it will be necessary to tell you the story of a worm. A worm isn't much to look at. It has no eyes, no brains, shows no sense of intelligence slowly worms its way along on the ground; in fact, it would be hard for a fellow to wax enthusiastic over a worm. Yet a fish will make an awful fuss over one. Florida has a beautiful white beach, the weather is warm and very muggy. The country is flat as a pancake, not a sand dune in the entire state thirty feet high. It has none of the scenic grandeur of California. Yet each winter there are thousands of well-to-do people who come down here and make an awful fuss about Florida. I can understand about the fish, for cut off his tail and take the wiggle out of him and there is nothing left—but why these people make such a fuss about Florida I can't understand."

Wellington Clark Will Be Missed

Death has reached out a hand to remove from the Southern Club circle one of the most companionable of men in Wellington Clark, who was so weakened by months of illness that he was unable to rally from an operation for appendicitis performed Tuesday. Wellington Clark was the possessor of a keen legal mind which made him one of the most respected members of the Los Angeles bar, and socially, he was the ideal host. His beautiful home at Hollywood reflects his excellent tastes and those of the charming hostess now so sadly bereft.

Gail Borden's Latest Venture

With a few more ink splashes it is likely that the publicity troubles of "the poor little rich girl" and her "multi-millionaire" father, Gail Borden, will be over for a time. Gail has taken unto himself a second wife in the person of Mrs. Margaret B. Coutant of Chicago, if reports from the Windy City are to be believed, and Ramona, living at the home of her mother, Mrs. Helen Valk Borden, in this city, has announced that she is soon to become the bride of Cloa Parker, a young attorney, likewise of Chicago. To me all this talk of the "poor little rich girl" who ran away from the unhappy

home in which her parents quarreled, has always been ridiculous. Ramona was naturally of an adventurous nature whose school escapades were the terrors of her teachers. Moreover, constantly to refer to Gail Borden as a "multi-millionaire" is merely an example of a journalistic fixed idea. Most of the property Gail ever possessed is entailed so he cannot dispose of it and his personal holdings, probably, have been so pledged in unfortunate investments that he retains but a slight clutch on them. His income from Borden Milk dividends was ample, but I believe the first Mrs. Borden receives a substantial amount of this as annual alimony. I trust Gail will be happy in his new matrimonial venture and that Ramona will at least be able to escape that silly title, "the poor little rich girl."

Talks to the Brotherhood

At the January dinner of the Wilshire Presbyterian Brotherhood this week Professor Bliven gave one of his bright talks on journalism. The chairman, Dr. James Main Dixon, was able to corroborate his statement that the Hearst papers must always have one or more feminine faces and figures on their Part II. He had prepared an accurate account of lawn-bowls to hand to the Herald reporter who visited the rinks at Exposition Park to inspect the newly introduced game, but the reporter, in place of using the material or snapshotting experienced players, got hold of two girls who had never handled a lawn-bowl before, and gave their figures on the front page, with wholly inaccurate details! To the same dinner, Mr. Nelles of the Whittier State School brought his Glee Club. One of the boys, Hildreth Robinson, left without father and mother or any known relative and drifting, when Nelles got hold of him, into bad ways, is now developing a fine voice, and Mr. Constantino, who has great hopes of him, is taking his voice training in hand. One of Mr. Nelles' many good works!

Celtic Club's "Annual"

Celtic Club, growing in numbers, is now holding its monthly meeting at the fine quarters of the Sierra Madre Club, Eighth and Broadway. About a hundred and fifty, the largest gathering in ten years' record of this club, were present at the January dinner Tuesday evening. It was a Ladies' Evening and the guest of honor was Mrs. Robert J. Burdette, widow of a former president. She brought with her James William Foley, the poet, and his wife. One of the enjoyable features was the violin obligato of Miss Creighton, a young woman of great promise, who was a fairy-like touch. Messrs. H. M. Cassidy and Henri La Bonte also sang, and R. G. Coole gave several of his inimitable original poems. The retiring president, Professor James Main Dixon, who was given a beautiful Celtic emblem, in a short address spoke of the Celtic element in the poems of Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian poet, who won the Nobel prize; at least, a wizard-like and haunting sweetness only to be found in Gaelic melodies and Welsh folk-song. The historian, David Gemmell Baillie, read a poem, whose theme was the excellent evenings they had enjoyed under the sway of the retiring president. Hector Alliot, in a weighty speech, spoke of the place of the Walloons in European history, and added one other stone, the seventh, to the granite pillar of the club. The other stones are Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Manx, Cornish, Breton. After the election of the new officers Dr. Walter Lindley, looking fairly strong after his recent illness, took the chair as president for 1916, with Dean McCormack, Dr. A. L. McCleish, and Dr. A. Grant Evans as vice-presidents. The retiring secretary, R. J. Pritchard, received a fob pendant as a token of appreciation for nine years' faithful service. His place is taken by J. Norman Kerr. Mrs. Burdette made a pleasant little talk and "Jim" Foley gave one of his happy poems.

Arthur Keetch to Practice Law

After making a notable record in the district attorney's office, where he has served eight years, Arthur Keetch is to enter private practice and I foresee for this former member of my old Daily News staff as brilliant a career in that field as he has achieved in the office of the public prosecutor. Arthur has formed a combination with Judge W. W. Hindman and Michael F. Shannon and the trio will have offices in the Citizens' National Bank building. When Arthur leaves the district attorney March 1, it will be with the friendliest of feeling for his superior Thomas Lee Woolwine, who has made public a letter expressing his regret at losing this capable assistant, who has filled every position in the office and who was in the Darrow and other important cases. Last August Arthur was especially assigned to the prosecution of arson cases and has obtained a conviction in every case tried, with one exception, which resulted in a jury disagreement. Through his efforts arson has practically been stopped in the Italian quarters of the city, where it had become a regular business. Arthur Ketch's resignation is a loss to the county but who can blame him for seeking the higher rewards which the legal profession holds for men of his ability.

Trailing a Distinguished Teacher

Is Ella Flagg Young, former superintendent of the Chicago schools and, possibly, the most prominent woman educator in America, in hiding in Los Angeles? And if so is she preserving secrecy in order to carry on negotiations with the Los Angeles board of education? These are questions which are turning gray the hair of every Los Angeles city editor who has any left. A few days ago a prominent teacher died in Chicago and among the expressions of respect for the deceased was one from Ella Flagg Young, carried by several of the Chicago papers and in every case date-lined in Los Angeles. Mrs. Young gave up her Chicago position the first of the year and her presence in California would occasion no surprise, since she had announced her intention of coming here to rest, had not all the efforts of the local newsgatherers failed to find her, following the tip from the Chicago papers. All city editors are constitutionally suspicious and here was a fine chance for

deductions. The Los Angeles board of education is at odds with the superintendent of schools. Mrs. Young is out of a job—by her own volition it is true, but then, it is argued, anyone would be glad to get a good position in Los Angeles. Mrs. Young is keeping her address secret. The board of education is keeping any negotiations it may be carrying on regarding the superintendency secret. Why should Mrs. Young be so mysterious? Follow that line of reasoning and you will see a diaphanous basis for the editorial distraction. Queries to the Chicago papers which published the dispatches indicating Mrs. Young was in this city brought back answers that she was at a certain local hotel, but inquiry there developed she had gone away, and left no address. Down to date no reward has been offered for the apprehension of this notable woman, but a bonus may be forthcoming for the lucky reporter who stumbles across her trail.

Exhibits of Sincere Friendship

Possibly, the sincerest tribute ever paid a friend is that expressed by half a dozen or more of the leading men of Los Angeles and Pasadena to Edward H. Groenendyke, prominent banker of the latter city, to save whose life they have either given or volunteered to give a portion of their blood. That transfusion, by which it is hoped to relieve the acute anemia that marks his case has for several months been in charge of Dr. W. Jarvis Barlow, who was the first to open his veins for his patient and friend. With his fine sense of professional ethics Dr. Barlow declines to discuss the case beyond expressing the hope that the treatment will be successful and it was from outside sources that his sacrifice became known. Lloyd R. Macy of Pasadena, secretary of the William R. Staats Company and a close personal friend of the invalid banker, made a similar offering. Anxious to do likewise and only awaiting the word of the surgeon as to the proper moment to submit themselves are H. I. Stuart, president of the Union National Bank of Pasadena of which Mr. Groenendyke is vice-president; two sturdy young men of that city, Tod Ford and Arthur Dodsworth; and Donald O'Melveny and James R. H. Wagner of this city. Greater love than this hath no man. Edward Groenendyke is one of the most popular club men of Southern California and his familiar figure has been much missed of late at the California Club and at Midwick, where he is one of the members of the mirth-provoking glee club. Since his illness became acute he and his wife and little son have been at Santa Monica, having closed their beautiful Oak Knoll home for a time.

Chamber of Commerce Reunion

Plans for the future mingled with reminiscences of the past at the reunion of former officials of the Chamber of Commerce held the other night at the Alexandria. Willis H. Booth, who may be said to have formally launched his campaign for the United States senate was a speaker and he outlined what I believe is the fundamental plank in his platform, to have the United States purchase Lower California from Mexico. On his recent return from the east Willis told me what he brought out in his speech before the chamber men, that he believes this move the most important which could be made for the benefit of the whole Pacific coast and particularly California. Willis has other strong plans of value to the west—the neutralizing of the Colorado river so all its waters may be converted to the uses of irrigation, flood protection for Los Angeles harbor and the building up of a merchant marine which shall make the Pacific coast independent of foreign ships. The meeting was a genuine reunion of many of the men who have done so much to make the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce a real force in the west. Louis M. Cole, a former president, presided as toastmaster and former officials and the years they described were: Sutherland Sutton, 1888; John R. Mathews, 1889; Frank Wiggins, 1890; F. W. Braun, 1891; Henry T. Hazzard, 1892; Geo. W. Parsons 1893; J. O. Koepfli, 1896; Fred L. Alles, 1897; W. D. Woolwine, 1898; Chas. H. Toll, 1899; W. J. Washburn, 1903; Willis H. Booth, 1905; James Slusson 1907; Marshall Stimson, 1908; Arthur W. Kinney, 1909; J. E. Fishburn, 1910; Lucius M. Chase, 1911; G. A. Brock, 1912; A. J. Scott, 1913; John S. Mitchell, 1914; Robert N. Bulla, 1915. Frank Wiggins, the perpetual official from whose coming to this state in 1886 the scientific advertising of Southern California's advantages may be said to date, was given something of an ovation when he told of the history of the organization to which he has devoted so many years of his life.

United Press Loses Subscribers

Inroads upon the hold which the Associated Press and the United Press have had in the afternoon newspaper field in Southern California are being made by the Hearst organization, the Pacific News Service. I am told on good authority that beginning January 15 the two Pasadena papers, the Star and the News, will cease to be subscribers to the United Press and will take the Hearst service. Whether or not the News, which for a year has been getting a drop copy from the Star's wire, is to put in a line of its own is not disclosed. At San Diego, the Tribune, which is the evening edition of Spreckel's Union, is starting the Pacific News Service, but it is still clinging to the Associated Press. At Santa Barbara, I believe Tom Storke is to take the Pacific News Service for the News. Neither of the two latter papers has been receiving United Press, the Los Angeles service for which is taken by the Record. Credit for landing the two Pasadena papers probably belongs to F. W. Kellogg, formerly of Altadena, who is a son-in-law of one of the Scripps from whose old service the United Press grew. Kellogg is now publisher of the San Francisco Call and, I believe, official head of the Pacific News Service. He maintains that Hearst opinions and Hearst animosities are never carried into the news matter handled by the Hearst news service, the International and the Pacific, which relays the International's despatches along the coast.

Music



By W. Francis Gates

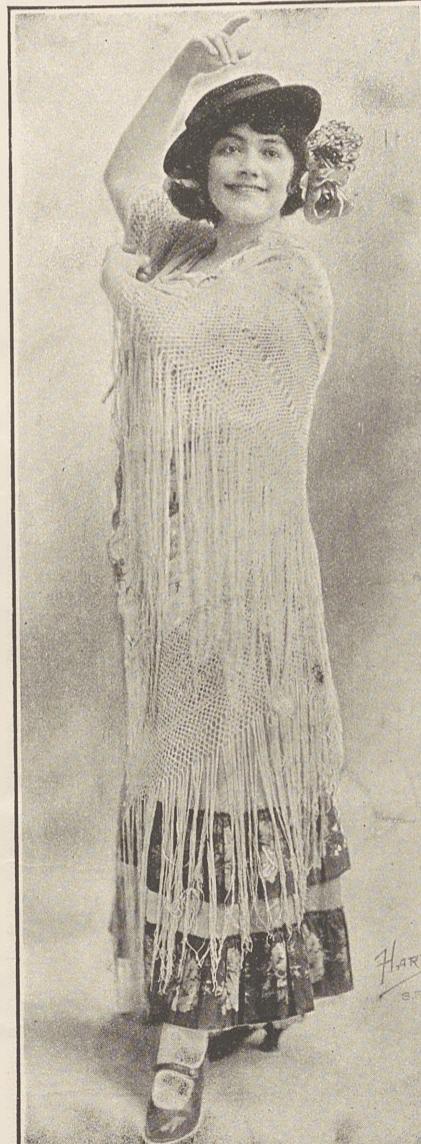
MONDAY evening at Clune's Auditorium the two weeks' season of grand opera to be presented by La Scala Company will open. This series of sixteen performances is expected to be the best balanced histriomically, vocally and scenically, of any yet presented in this city. The principals have been assembled from Buenos Ayres and from Chicago and Metropolitan opera companies. Rosina Zotti, the distinguished lyric soprano of the company is one of the popular favorites of Italy, and also has been a member of the Covent Garden company, creating the name-part in Leoncavallo's "Zingari" under the baton of the great composer. Alice Nielsen, the gifted American lyric soprano already well known here, will be heard in the operas in which she has made her greatest successes. Giuseppe Vogliotti, the leading lyric tenor, comes directly from the Chicago company, where he has been singing in "La Bohème" and "Carmen." Lina Reggiani, the coloratura soprano, is a member of the Buenos Ayres company and has a brilliant, flexible voice of exquisite quality. Alice Gentle, the second American in the company, is possessed of all the attributes of success, youth, beauty, dramatic ability and fine voice. She will be heard while here in two of her greatest successes, "Carmen" the opening night, January 17, and "La Tosca" the second week. The orchestra will number forty-five, under the baton of Chevalier F. Guerreri, one of the most authoritative of the younger Italian conductors. A special feature of the productions will be the costuming and scenic effects. The costumes for each production will be entirely different and historically correct. The scenery, like the costumes, is new and designed from the accepted models of both the Chicago and Boston companies. The opening opera "Carmen" will be repeated Friday evening with the same cast as on the first night. Tuesday evening and Thursday matinee "Rigoletto" will be presented. Wednesday evening "Mme. Butterfly" will be given its only presentation of the first week. Thursday evening and Saturday matinee "La Bohème" will be put on and Saturday evening "Il Trovatore." Among those who will entertain box or logo parties Monday evening are Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Balch, Mr. James Slauson, Dr. Francis Kellogg, Mrs. Secundo Guasti, Mr. John Stanford, Mr. J. A. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry Stov, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ince, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Earl, Mrs. Anita Baldwin.

At his recital Tuesday night Emilio de Gogorza proved that he has lost none of his hold on a Los Angeles audience. He has been heard here every two or three years for the last dozen and each time has proved himself a consummate artist, but never more so than on this occasion. An ample tone, used with the highest polish, is his vocal equipment and this is at the control of a mind in which sentiment and intellect are equally present. Gogorza shows his Latin origin in the expressiveness of his singing, but at the same time his work is always dominated by intelligence. Most singers of the Spanish or Italian race follow their natural tendencies toward the operatic—which is to the floridities of song and the exaggeration of sentiment; but this baritone uses his brains. English, French and Spanish groups of songs were given. His English is delightfully well articulated—not so clearly as Bispham's, perhaps, yet far and away better than most of the feminine contingent. In a group of songs by Granados and Alvarez, Gogorza made an especial hit with his audience, partly because a section of it understood Spanish and partly because of the piquancy of the presentation.

It was of interest to hear the Granados song, as the composer is a rather prominent figure in the musical world just now, because of the Metropolitan premiere of his opera. The piano part of the song showed a bit of original modernism; John Alden Carpenter, a new American composer who has made a hit with a symphony, was heard through two songs, which also offered more for the piano than for the voice. And with D'Indy, Debussy and Cyril

Scott, modernism was not lacking. His singing of these composers must be regarded as authoritative, but they demand several hearings before the structure can be fully grasped—the modern sings more to the head than to the heart. Closing with the "Factotum" aria from "The Barber of Seville" Gogorza showed what a singer opera has lost in his choosing the recital stage. But by this choice the singer works harder, has more opportunities for public appearance, sings to a ten times greater audience and probably finds it more profitable in the end. Miss H. M. Winslow, of San Francisco, was the pianist of the recital and carried the accompaniments with full acceptance, clearly and sympathetically. This afternoon an equally attractive program will be given by Mr. de Gogorza at Trinity Auditorium, the fifth of the Behymer matinee philharmonic series.

This evening the second popular concert of the Los Angeles Symphony Or-



Alice Gentle as Carmen

chestra will be given at Trinity Auditorium with Marie B. Tiffany, soprano, as the soloist. Mrs. Tiffany is a great favorite with local music lovers. She will sing three Grieg songs on this occasion, "Solveig's Leid," "Ihm Traume" and "In a Boat," all with orchestral accompaniment. Sharing the honors of the concert with Mrs. Tiffany will be Antonio Raimondi who will play the Weber concerto for clarinet, and Alexander Karnbach, a young composer whose two numbers, "Serenade" and "Miniature for Strings" will be given their first orchestral production. The orchestral numbers will include Smetana's overture to "The Bartered Bride," Chabrier's "Marche Joyeuse," and Stanford's "Irish Rhapsody."

Sigmund Beel, concert master of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, will be soloist as the third pair of concerts to be given by that organization at Trinity Auditorium Friday afternoon, January 21, and Saturday evening, January 22. Mr. Beel, who is a violinist of rare

STATEMENT OF The Citizens National Bank

December 31, 1915

As Called for by the Comptroller of the Currency

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$ 8,224,448.28
United States Bonds at Par.....	1,001,000.00
Federal Reserve Bank Stock.....	60,000.00
Municipal and Other Bonds.....	722,150.00
Stock Commercial Fireproof Building Co. (Bank Bldg.).....	302,100.00
Other Real Estate Owned.....	27,690.26
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit.....	20,179.40
Furniture and Fixtures	198,903.53
Five Per Cent. Fund	50,000.00
Cash and Due from Banks.....	5,074,361.87
	\$15,680,873.34

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$ 1,500,000.00
Surplus	500,000.00
Undivided Profits less Expenses and Taxes Paid.....	200,732.30
Reserved for Taxes	13,125.47
Circulation	999,997.50
Letters of Credit	46,994.38
Deposits	12,420,023.69
	\$15,680,873.34

OFFICERS

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J. ROSS CLARK, Vice-Pres.
M. J. MONNETTE, Vice-Pres.
WM. W. WOODS, Vice-Pres.

E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
GEO. BUGBEE, Asst. Cashier.
H. D. IVEY, Asst. Cashier.

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M. J. Connell	John J. Fay, Jr.	M. J. Monnette
L. J. Christopher	J. M. Hale	Ora E. Monnette
Albert Crutcher	Robert Hale	F. X. Pfaffinger
J. M. Danziger	Reese Llewellyn	Geo. W. Walker
A. J. Waters		Wm. W. Woods

STATEMENT OF CONDITION OF THE

Citizens Trust and Savings Bank

at the Close of Business, December 31, 1915

Owned by the Stockholders of the Citizens National Bank of Los Angeles

RESOURCES

Loans	\$2,917,027.23
Bonds and Other Securities	556,986.13
Furniture and Fixtures.....	12,500.00
Other Resources	6,666.76
Cash and Due from Banks.....	800,017.90
	\$4,293,198.02

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 500,000.00
Surplus	130,000.00
Undivided Profits	30,348.98
Reserve for Interest and Taxes	3,288.94
Deposits	3,629,560.10
	\$4,293,198.02

attainments, will play the beautiful "Symphonie Espagnole" by the French composer Lalo. The Symphony for these concerts will be by the remarkable Finnish writer Sibelius, whose first Symphony in E minor will be given its first hearing in Los Angeles. The Finns are new to the musical world. Their music is fraught with the wonderful color, the unusual light and shade and the crude, almost simple melodies which suggest folk lore and myths. There is a blending of the east and the west in the parentage of this people and the music of Sibelius shows traits which are characteristic of both. Wonderful harmonies, ultra modern and glittering are to be found also in this work, which with its Prologue, Andante, Scherzo and Fantasy will make a unique and valuable addition to the repertoire of the orchestra. The Overture to Mozart's "Magic Flute" will open the program.

In spite of the atmosphere of music and good fellowship that prevailed at the Gamut Club January meeting, there was a cloud of sorrow in the background as Mr. Behymer announced the death of Hans Schumann Heink. Mme. Schumann Heink is one of the most loved and admired honorary members of the club, and in her bereavement, the club sent her a telegram of condolence. On the program at this meeting were Charles Oelfreich, pianist, Dorothy Ferguson, violinist, Miss Adams, cornet, accompanied by her mother; Warren Ferguson, violinist, Henry Balfour, tenor, Miss Noe, reader, and speeches by Miss Norton, attorney; L. E. Behymer, telling some of the tribulations of an operatic impresario, Dr. Lobingier, speaking on the large calls of the artist life, and Seward Simons, in one of his clever impromptus. F. W. Welton was heard in a humorous monologue and Herman Horowitz was introduced as a New York visitor. The Orpheus tri-quartet gave a variety of choruses, always heard with interest. Mr. Oelfreich, who played the opening piano numbers is a talented pupil of Jode Anderson, one of the directors of the club.

Quite a number of leading musicians joined many of the non-professional

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friends of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Behymer last week in celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of the wedding of the popular impresario and his wife. It is needless to add that the hospitalities of the Behymer home again were called into full account and the impromptu program was of unusual interest, to which "B's" remarks added no little amount of pleasure and fun.

Molly Byerly Wilson will appear in concert at Riverside and San Bernardino next Thursday and Friday evenings, as contralto soloist with the New York Metropolitan company, with which she has sung in forty-six concerts since leaving Los Angeles November 1.

Cheaters

SUSPICIOUS is a hackneyed adjective and propitious is little better, but it would require half a column of circumlocution to describe, without their aid, the highly successful opening of the Morosco Theater by the Oliver Morosco Stock Company this week. The management made a happy selection when it chose "Seven Keys to Baldpate" as the medium in which the transplanted Burbankers were to make their first appearance in their new home. A better farce, by a cleverer stock company in a prettier theater probably never has been presented. Signs of regret for the old Main street home of the drama were drowned in exclamations of delight over the perfect atmosphere provided by the combination Manager Morosco has effected on Broadway. The old "Burbank crowd" was present at the opening performance in the Morosco, but not as mourners at a funeral. Before a host of imitators made its central idea so well known "Seven Keys to Baldpate" was sure to be hailed on its every performance as the most original farce ever written. Because it has never been shown here before in stock it is receiving much of this acclaim from the people who are seeing it at the Morosco and they may be assured they are witnessing a production fully the equal and in many respects the superior of that given here for two weeks last year by a traveling company. The unique idea of having a hero of a play writing it in an upstairs room of a summer hotel in dead of winter and of having the story he writes acted out downstairs, allows the plausible introduction of practically every "sure-fire" situation known to recent melodrama. Never have tense dramatic situations been made more laughable, and the play boldly violates one accepted axiom of the theater in keeping the audience fooled by not letting it—until the epilogue—know directly that it is only seeing the enactment of the story of which it hears so much in the prologue. A young novelist goes to Baldpate, shuts himself up in the deserted hotel, in possession of the "only key" to the place, and prepares to write a 10,000-word novel in twenty-four hours. But there are other keys to Baldpate, it seems, and their possessors appear to keep the novelist from lonesomeness or ennui. First comes a millionaire's bribe expert, then a charming girl newspaper reporter and her "chaperon"—an innovation recommended to the Herald—a hermit who has lost his taste for women since his wife went away with a traveling man, an adventuress, a mayor's pet criminal and the crooked mayor himself, a millionaire railway president, a country town chief of police and, finally, the owner of the inn himself. Action does not lag. There are numerous fine bits of acting on the part of individuals in the company and the production as a whole is a remarkably good one. Edmund Lowe should improve as he becomes more familiar with his part—the piece is deserving of a run—and even his early performances were striking demonstrations that his forte lies in comedy. His smile is contagious and his work no more jerky, perhaps, than the lines call for. Florence Rockwell has slight opportunities in her comparatively unimportant role. A. Burt Wessner is strong in his make-up as the mountain hermit, but he does not give the character all the emphasis possible. Frank Darien is particularly good as a crook and Grace Travers is as much at home as ever in an adventuress' portrayal, her favorite line of work, apparently. H. S. Duffield, veteran of many years on the Burbank stage, is delightful, as indeed, are all the other members of the cast.

"It Pays to Advertise" at the Mason

On the program of "It Pays to Advertise," that lively stage entertainment which is bringing capacity audiences to the Mason Opera House this week, there is the assurance that "the advertising statistics used in the play are facts, not farce." Statistics have a carrying power that comedy lacks and it is gratifying to know that the principal idea carried away after seeing the amusing play is founded on something more substantial than that provoked by most farces. "It Pays to Advertise" is successful in advertising that dogma. It is the best advertisement of advertising

ever concocted. In addition, it is an excellent play, calculated to take a man's mind off his troubles without the necessity of introducing shapely chorus girls or tinkling music. But in its purely dramatic properties it is like a dozen other farces, many laughs, much breeziness and a little love. There are tense moments in the attempts of two young optimists to found a soap business purely on publicity and overcome the trust controlled by the father of one; there is a much twisted emotional plot, but at no time is the interest of the audience so aroused as when the brisk young publicity man, ably played by Frank Allworth, is delivering his argument in favor of advertising and giving facts and figures regarding the amounts spent by a dozen well-known concerns in buying the public's attention, convincing his hearers both before and behind the footlights of the value of the trademarks founded on such expensive advertising contracts. Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett are given credit as authors of the play, which is sent out under Cohan and Harris management and is presented by a company without a single noted actor, but cast on such satisfactory and well balanced lines that it shines out as far above the average of road aggregations. Elmer Grandin, who plays Cyrus Martin, a millionaire anxious that his son shall branch out into business and willing to pay the bills for mistakes, is well suited, physically and facially for a part which he makes decidedly real. Adele Rolland is a delight to look upon and, whatever may be her dramatic shortcomings, she can be forgiven just for the pleasure of having her on the stage. Harold Vermilye—what a pity the name of the character he plays, Rodney Martin, is not his own!—improves from a rather lame opening. The minor parts are well handled.

Orpheum Road Show Excellent

Standing out like a "good deed in a naughty world" is Mary Shaw in "The Dickey Bird," at the Orpheum this week. She heads the Road Show which is always the selected best of Mr. Beck's favorites. Everything Mary Shaw plays is excellently well done, that goes without saying, but she is especially fortunate in the present playlet, which is real comedy, just skirting melodrama and gives her ample play for her inimitable love of fun. A deserted wife, she has lived over the first shock and gained a poise, touched with irony. A young married couple come to look at the flat which she has advertised for rent. The young wife, gurgling with wifely affection, very well played by Grace Fisher, is ecstatically pleased. Her husband, a little embarrassed by much kissing, is uneasily conscious of a look of familiarity about the furnishings and gasps when the landlady appears and he faces his ex-wife! For the rest reference is made to the Orpheum. Frank Ferguson acts with nice finish the rather thankless part of the erring husband attacked on both flanks. As the ex-wife, Mary Shaw holds the situation in her hands; the Fates have given her her opportunity and she does not slight it. She plans a clever, satirical revenge and achieves it. There is just the most delicate and remote suggestion of unhappy hours before her sense of humor saves her. The lines are sparkling and the whole thing refreshing. There are other things too. First, the very good music under Mr. Frankenstein's direction. Then Freeman and Dunham in songs and patter, a new Ford joke, and reference to Mr. Wilson on the "Bridal Path." The Crisps in costumes and dances, graceful and charming. Miss Florrie Millership is good to look upon, for which one is always thankful. Victor Moiley & Co. in "A Regular Army Man" gives the indispensable military touch. Mme. Donald-Ayer sings good songs in a ringing, opera voice unhurt by time. Was paternity ever so well capitalized as by Eddy Foy? A silly old goat but funny as ever. It is too bad though to spoil the future voices of his little daughters by the kind of screeching they are taught to do now. An acceptable bill all this.

"Daddy Long-Legs" Coming to Mason

"Daddy Long-Legs," called the most fascinating love story told on the American stage in many years, will return to

CLUNE'S AUDITORIUM W. H. CLUNE Manager

Fifth and Olive Sts.

L. E. Beyhmer and S. M. Berry, Directors

Two Weeks Opening

Monday Evening, January 17th

MATINEES, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY

Presenting

Chev. F. Guerreri, Conductor

ALICE GENTLE Prima donna Soprano
Manhattan Opera House

Rosina Zotti—Lina Reggiani—Claude Albright—G. Vogliotti—Edith Mackie—B. Dadone—M. Rodolfi—R. Corallo—G. Corallo—Marino Aineto—Olinto Lombardi—A. Neri and other distinguished artists in

"Carmen"

Monday and Friday Eves., Jan. 17-21
With ALICE GENTLE as CARMEN

"Rigoletto"

Tue. Eve. and Thurs. Mat., Jan. 18-20
With LINA REGGIANI as GILDA

"Madame Butterfly"

Wednesday Eve., Jan. 19
With ROSINI ZOTTI as CHO-CHO-SAN

"La Boheme"

Thu. Eve. and Sat. Mat., Jan. 20-22
With ROSINA ZOTTI as MIMI

"Trovatore"

Saturday Evening, Jan. 22
With ALICE GENTLE as AZUCENA

Box Office Now Open.—Lower Floor, \$2.00 and \$1.50. Balcony, \$1.50 and \$1.00.
Second Balcony, 75c. Gallery, 50c.

Mail orders payable to La Scala Grand Opera Company, when accompanied by check filled in order of receipt.

TRINITY AUDITORIUM Grand Ave. and Ninth St.

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THIRD CONCERT

NINETEENTH SEASON

Friday Afternoon, Jan. 21, at 3 o'clock

Saturday Evening, Jan. 22, at 8:30 o'clock

SIGMUND BEEL, SOLOIST

Tickets 25c to \$2.00 Trinity Box Office

SECOND POPULAR CONCERT

Saturday Evening, Jan. 15

MARIE B. TIFFANY, Soprano ANTONIO RAIMONDI, Clarinetist { Soloists

Popular Prices: 25c and 50c

Orpheum

LILLIAN RUSSELL

Together with the
Second Edition, Orpheum Road Show
Roshanara East Indian Dances
Mary Shaw & Co. "The Dickey Bird"
Direction Mr. Martin Beck

MASON OPERA HOUSE

BROADWAY
BET. 1ST and 2ND

WEEK STARTING MONDAY, JANUARY 17
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

DADDY LONG-LEGS

Prices (All Performances): Lower Floor, \$1.50; Balcony, \$1 and 75c; Gallery, 50c and 25c.

MOROSCO THEATRE

Broadway, Near Eighth Street
Phones: A-5343; Main 271

BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, JANUARY 16—SECOND WEEK

Oliver Morosco Stock Company in

"SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE"

With Florence Rockwell and All-Star Cast

Prices—Nights, 25c, 50c and 75c. Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
25c and 50c

New Garrick THEATER

Bdwy. at 8th

Mats. 10c, 15c
Nights 10c, 15c, 20c

Seth D. Perkins, Manager
Starting Sunday Jan. 9

Big Charlie Chaplin Revue

the Mason Opera House next Monday night, January 17, for a farewell week's engagement. The play broke all records in the theatrical history of California last season by running three entire months to capacity business in eight cities in this state. This season it comes back with Renee Kelly, the heroine of last year's run, at the head of a big company. Byron Beasley, a local favorite who for five consecutive years was a member of the Burbank company here, has the leading masculine role, that originally played by Henry Miller. In other respects the company will be the same as that which played here last year. The definite announcement is made that, after next week's engagement, "Daddy Long-Legs" will not be played again in California by the same cast that is to return here next Monday. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday.

Second Week of "Seven Keys," Morosco

"Seven Keys to Baldpate," George M. Cohan's highly successful farce, will be given at the Morosco Theater a second week, beginning Sunday afternoon. Florence Rockwell and the Oliver Morosco Company members including Edmund Lowe, Lillian Elliott, Harry Duffield, James Corrigan, Grace Travers, Frank Darien, James K. Applebee, David Butler, William Colvin, Billie Boland and Warner Baxter will continue in the parts in which they have been so successful this week.

Great Attractions at Orpheum

Lillian Russell, queen of the comic opera stage of America for a generation, will be at the Orpheum next week, opening Monday afternoon with the second edition of the Orpheum Road Show, which is headed by Roshanara and retains Mary Shaw, thereby giving the new bill the most exceptional headliners in vaudeville. Lillian Russell is the beauty of the stage and the full blown rose is said to show never a trace of strain from her highly successful career. She was coaxed from retirement for a few weeks on the Orpheum circuit. She is a whole show in herself, but in addition Roshanara, the greatest exponent of East Indian and Burmese dancing, will appear with an excellent new bill. Although English as to parentage, Roshanara was born and reared in India and she has gone deep into the lore and lure of the native dancers. Bert Lamont and his cowboys and Staine's tanbark comedians, all four-footed, will be new numbers next week. Mary Shaw in her superb comedy, "The Dickey Bird," will be here one week more, as will the Crisps, dancers, and Stuart Barnes. New orchestral music and the Pathé twice a week news views will complete the program for the second week of the road

(Continued on Page 12.)

show. A week later Anna Held will appear in many of her best-liked songs and many wonderful new gowns.

Offerings on the Screen

WITH "The Miracle of Life" as the attraction, Miller's Alhambra theater makes its bow as a first-run house next Monday. I commend Mr. Miller's judgment in selecting this photoplay as a means to lure the picture-wise from Broadway to Hill street. It is a remarkable picture—a frank protest against birth regulation—and discloses photographic effects that will create a sensation. It handles the somewhat delicate subject in allegorical fashion. A woman who has refused to bear children is confronted in a dream by the child which might have been hers—the little one to whom she has refused life, and by her she is taken out into the world to see with her old and tired eyes the joy of motherhood. Their journey carries them through fields where various animals, roam happily with their new born little ones. Tiny colts and calves, wee bunnies and young life of all kinds are displayed in a wonderfully attractive manner. At last the woman reaches the barred gates of Babyland. At the call of the little child the angel, who guards this land of heart's desire, opens the portals and they enter. Here in surroundings of the utmost beauty they find the unborn babies, the precious pink and white bundles awaiting the call of Mr. Stork to carry them to the homes they have been chosen to make blessed. In the hearts of roses, snuggling in the forgotten nests of little birds, hidden in banks of violets and finally, resting in lily pads, beneath the surface of limpid waters is a marvellous collection of entrancingly lovely babies, laughing and cooing, sucking their tiny thumbs and playing with their elusive pink toes. Where they all came from, goodness knows; but there they are, calling forth love from the hearts of all who see them. There are other things to this picture, a strong and interesting story for instance; but it is the wee babies who will give it vogue. Every woman who sees them once will want a second view. Mr. Miller has told me many interesting things of the great features which are to find a home at the Alhambra; but I can think of nothing more attractive than the sweet bits of humanity that grace this picture.

If I knew in just what part of the south the charming scenes in "Mice and Men" had been taken, I should advise young women to stay away from that particular place. My reason would be that, down there, feminine loveliness develops so rapidly, it must pass into the

MAJESTIC THEATER

Week Beginning Monday, January 17

First Presentation of the Fine Arts Company's Favorite Photoplay Production

THE PENITENTES

With ORRIN JOHNSON, the distinguished young American actor.
Also a Mack Sennett comedy,

"PERILS OF THE PARK"

Last presentation of DeWolf Hopper in "Don Quixote" and Mack Sennett's comedy, "The Submarine Pirate," today and tomorrow.

FOUR BIG SHOWS DAILY: 11:30, 2:00, 4:30 and 8:15. Prices: 35c, 25c, 15c, 10c. Loges (seating two to eight), 50c.

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"Stella"

The Sensation of the World's Fair

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Week of Monday, January 17th

EDWIN ARDEN

In

"The Beloved Vagabond"

From Wm. J. Locke's Novel

Miller's 842 So. Main St. Fox Photoplays
Week Beginning Monday William Fox Presents Joseph Medill Patterson's Newspaper Drama

Show at 11, 12:45, 2:30, 4:15,
6, 7:40 and 9:15 p. b.

"THE FOURTH ESTATE"

Played by a Real All-Star Company Headed by Ruth Blair, Clifford Bruce, Victor Benoit, Samuel Ryan and Alfred Hickman.

Show at 11, 12:45, 2:30, 4:15,
6, 7:40 and 9:15 p. b.

Saturday, Jan. 15, 8:15 P. M.

Messrs D. W. Griffith and Mack Sennett announce the

RE-OPENING OF THE BURBANK THEATER

WITH FAVORITE PHOTPLAY PRODUCTIONS

The Burbank, retaining all of its historic traditions, and refurnished throughout, remodeled, more comfortable than ever, and representing the last word in modern photoplay theaters, will be the most complete playhouse of its type in the entire West.

A Great Photoplay from the Fine Arts Company,

"The Flying Torpedo"

With JOHN EMERSON and a cast of exceptional excellence—one of Mack Sennett's Best Keystone Comedies,

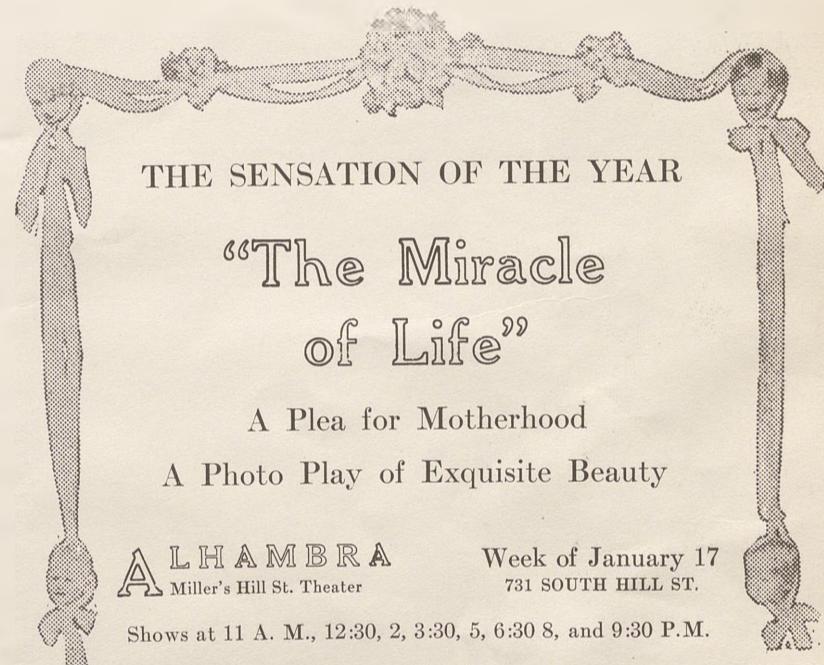
"The Movie Star"

Popular prices, 25c, 15c, 10c. Loges 35c.

Four Shows Daily, 11:30, 2:00, 4:30 and 8:15.

Box Office Now Open for the sale of seats. If you can't come to the theater box office yourself, phone your order, Main 1270, F1270.

All phone orders courteously received and promptly filled.



Shows at 11 A. M., 12:30, 2, 3:30, 5, 6:30 8, and 9:30 P.M.

QUINN'S SUPERBA

Broadway
Between 5th & 6th

House of the World's
Best Photo Plays

Second Week of

Clara Kimball Young

In

"CAMILLE"

A Photo Play of Extraordinary Beauty and Power,

WOODLEY THEATRE

838 So. Bdwy.—Phones A 3456, Bdwy. 83

Shows Begin 11, 12:30, 2, 3:30, 5, 6:30, 8, and 9:30

ONE WEEK ONLY. BEGINNING MONDAY, JANUARY 17

The Dainty Diminutive Screen Favorite

MARGUERITE CLARK

in "MICE AND MEN"

HER LATEST PARAMOUNT SUCCESS



D. W. Griffith and Mack Sennett
announce the

Re-Opening of the Burbank Theatre

SATURDAY NIGHT, JANUARY 15, WITH

Great Photo Play Productions

Social & Personal

M R. and Mrs. John Bannister of West Adams street were host and hostess Monday evening at a dinner-dance given at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Bannister's son, Mr. Huber Spahr. The dinner appointments were in violets and Killarney roses, and places were arranged for forty. Following the dinner, dancing was enjoyed in the ladies' annex. Mr. and Mrs. Bannister's guests included, Mr. and Mrs. William I. Hollingsworth, Mr. and Mrs. George Birkel, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Cuzner, Mr. and Mrs. John Newton Russell, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Coffin, Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Paul, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Schoder, Mr. and Mrs. James Burris, the Misses Souden, Gardner, Edwards, Gates,

which time they have visited in New York, Boston, Washington and Chicago. While Mrs. Calkins is not going out formally just now, yet her many friends will be pleased to know she has returned and will remain indefinitely.

Of interest to a wide circle of friends was announcement made of the marriage last Sunday afternoon of Mrs. Rose A. Seymour and Judge A. W. Hutton. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride, 4817 Gramercy Place, Rev. Charles Edward Locke officiating. The marriage culminates a friendship of long standing between the two, and the date was planned in order that Mrs. Hutton's son, Mr. Lawrence Seymour, Jr., might attend the wedding before his return to



MARIE B. TIFFANY, SOLOIST AT POPULAR SYMPHONY CONCERT

Bedell and Leonardt, Messrs. Sidney Ellis, Carroll Gates, Huber Spahr, Robert Somers, Pierce, Warfield, Blair, Adams, Dr. Brown, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Maud Baldwin.

One of the charming belles of Los Angeles and South Pasadena is Miss Grace Mathis, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. E. N. Mathis of 259 Pasadena avenue, South Pasadena. Miss Mathis has just returned from a delightful trip to Alaska and through the north, where she visited friends. Miss Mathis is an enthusiastic sportswoman and while away enjoyed several hunting trips, bringing down a big black bear with her own rifle and also hunting deer. Miss Mathis and her sister, Mrs. Alvin Woodwell Mitchell, who will be remembered as Miss Anita Blanche Mathis, are among the most popular members of the young social set here.

Mr. and Mrs. James Calkins with Mrs. Calkins' son, Mr. James Hobbs, are at the Darby. Mr. and Mrs. Calkins have been away for the last fifteen months in

Berkeley where he is a junior student. Mr. and Mrs. Hutton for the present will make their home in Gramercy Place, and will pass the summers at their Santa Monica home.

Mrs. Wellington Morse of 2071 Hobart boulevard entertained Thursday in honor of Mrs. Charles Farquharson of San Francisco, who is a house guest of Mrs. Harry Lombard. The affair was a luncheon, places being arranged for eight. Friday, Mrs. Lombard was hostess at a tea given in compliment to her guest.

Mrs. C. C. Carpenter and her daughter, Mrs. Hugh Walker, have been at La Crescenta for a few days, having gone up to that attractive mountain resort Saturday last.

One of the most pretentious of the society affairs on the January calendar is the wonderful Spanish ball to be given at Hotel del Coronado the evening of January 29. Los Angeles society folk are already planning to journey southward for the event, which will un-



J. W. Robinson Co.

ANNOUNCE

the arrival and display of a broad and pleasing assortment of

Novelty Silks For Spring 1916

New weaves and new color combinations for the development of street and afternoon dresses, evening gowns and dance frocks and washable silks for blouses and sports costumes. *Chameleon Facoune, Gras de Londres, Taffeta Raye, Taffeta Broche, Radiuse Raye, La Jerz* and other loom effects. Plaids and stripes, dainty points and jacquards are predominating fashions.

You are cordially invited to visit the Silk Section while these charming novelties are fresh and new.

—Second Floor—

Seventh and Grand Ave.

doubtedly surpass any previous society affair ever held at that popular beach resort. A number of groups of dancers will present several fancy terpsicorean exhibitions, these including *La Cigale*, *The Gitanos*, *The Carmens*, *The Alhambra* and *Las Haciendas*. In the Spanish novelty group will be a charming southern belle, Miss Frances Hall of Baltimore. Miss Hall is a guest for the winter of her sister, Mrs. Harry W. Hill, wife of Lieutenant Hill of the U. S. Torpedo Flotilla. She is exceedingly popular in society circles both of the Pacific and the Atlantic coast.

Miss Anita Thomas, the charming young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thomas, is visiting in Detroit, the guest of the E. J. Daytons, where she plans to pass a month. Later she will go to Washington and probably to New York. She will return to her home here in May or June.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lee Woolwine and young son, Thomas, Jr., were guests last week-end at La Crescenta. They returned home Sunday night motoring down by moonlight.

Miss Laura Anderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Anderson of Lake street, has returned to Stanford to resume her studies.

Miss Delight Shafer, who is to marry Mr. Marcus Marshall April 26, leaves today for New York. She was accompanied by Mrs. E. J. Marshall, mother of her fiance. They will be away about six weeks. Mr. Marshall and his bride will make their home in Pasadena, in a new home they will build at the corner of Grand avenue and Arroyo Drive. Thursday before her departure for the east, Miss Shafer entertained informally for a number of her girl friends with a daintily appointed tea.

Miss Ina Pitner of 40 St. James Park entertained Saturday last in compliment to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Paul Jerome Pitner of Pasadena. Mrs. Pitner formerly was Miss Ruby Hortense Chapin, prominent in New York and Newport society.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Mathewson of 2029 Beechwood Drive, Hollywood, announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Inez Irene Mathewson, to Mr. William B. Kemper, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Kemper of 413 West Twenty-third street.

Mrs. Hulett Clinton Merritt, Jr., and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Edward Paul Haupt, entertained Monday afternoon with a matinee party at the Orpheum, followed by a tea at the Alexandria. The

Alexandria Grill

— is now serving a

**SPECIAL BUSINESS
MEN'S LUNCHEON**

For 75c which is proving very popular.

AN AFTER-THEATRE SUPPER at \$1.00 is also attracting marked attention

Hotel Alexandria

Corner Spring and Fifth Sts.



VERNON GOODWIN
Vice-Pres. & Managing Director.

— PURE WATER — HEALTH —

Help

— Keep disease from your home by drinking only pure water.

PURITAS DISTILLED WATER

A great "health help."

Absolutely pure — wholesome and pleasant.

— Go and phone for a 5-gallon bottle now

— Then

"Drink it every day
to keep disease away"

Los Angeles Ice and Cold Storage Co.
Home 10053—Phones—Main 8191
Pasadena Branch Fair Oaks 947

affair was planned as a post-nuptial courtesy for Mrs. Hudson Hibbard, formerly Miss Kathleen Tottenham, whose marriage was an event of Octo-

(Continued on page 11)



Art



Week of January 15-22

Main Museum Gallery—Panama-California Exposition Collection from Gallery of Fine Arts, San Diego; Arthur W. Matthews, oils.

Museum Print Room—Etchings, Monotypes, Wood Block Prints, Aquatints from California Society of Etchers; Water Color Sketches by Marion Holden Pope; Exhibition of Arts and Crafts by students of Pennsylvania Museum School.

Museum Little Grey Gallery—Old Masters Collection; Two New Keaths; Unknown Madonna.

Friday Morning Club—Portrait and Landscape by Louis Buchanan; Portrait and Landscape by Mr. Vysikal.

Huntington Hotel—Max Weizorek. **Kanst Gallery**—Louis Hovey Sharp, Canvases.

By Mary N. DuBois

TOURISTS in Europe gaze with proper respect and conventional admiration upon the mighty works of Michael Angelo or the mystic and majestic paintings of El Greco or the gigantic statues of the ancient Greeks with never a word in depreciation. But how merrily these same people tear to bits the most exquisite production of a Japanese master. For instance, the elongated figures of the women, whom Utamaro draws with such flow and grace of line move them to much merriment. Is not exaggeration the same whether it emanates from Spanish, Italian or Japanese old master? Art should have the same toleration whatever be the color of the hand that wields the brush. If the Greeks portrayed their gods as men but isolated them from men by their superior stature; if Michael Angelo dignified and ennobled his creations by conceiving them on mightier lines than mortal; if El Greco set his figures apart and surrounded them with mysticism by curiously elongating the figures, then why, if we do not demur at all this, why not accept the conventionalism of Japanese art or the exaggeration of an Utamaro who strives as did the others by elongating figure and face to set his lively women outside the ordinary world of common places? In other words, as we strive to judge European masterpieces by falling into the mood of their creators why not do the same with Japanese masterpieces.

So when we go to the Museum at Exposition Park let us go with the Oriental viewpoint as much as is possible for the Occidental brain. Let us not demand realism and ocular delusion; let us take the Japanese artistic belief that art is higher than nature, that art picks and chooses from nature what she will; then we will understand the absence of light and shade, the lack of perspective in some of the prints and will get much pleasure in the flat tones, graceful lines and wonderful sense of design to be found in these prints.

While the collection is small it is chosen with discriminating taste. Landscape, figure, flower and bird studies are here. Among the figure painters are Harunobu, Yeishi, Utamaro, and Toyokuni. The landscapists Hokusai, Hiroshige and Kimitoshi are also here as well as many others. It is impossible to mention all among the three hundred or so prints so we will take only the more representative ones.

Yeishi's beautiful black and white print, called "Condiment Peddler and Girls" shows two Japanese maidens kimono clad and patterned, bartering with a trafficker in sweets. The figures are beautiful in contour, noble and elegant in proportion. The suggestion—mind, not the delineation of motion—is most apparent. The soft black of the girl's sash adds just the right accent. Over it all the sweetness of the conception of the Japanese master.

Of the figure painters Utamaro, Toyokuni, Yeizan and Kunisada are best represented. A large head of Utamaro is typical of the period of his greatest exaggeration and yet is so lovely in line, tone and spirit that one forgets the long nose, slits for eyes, faintly indicated mouth and exaggerated head dress. It is valuable as a record of the decadent age and ultra fashions in dress which characterized the time in which Utamaro

worked. Kunisada and Toyokuni are placed side by side on the wall and a sharp contrast they are. Kunisada runs off on a riot of subdued color and intricacy of design which is very beautiful, but gives one a feeling that he should have curbed his enthusiasm for these two things a little. Not so with most of Toyokuni's prints. Take, for example, his "Girl Reading Letter." Artistic restraint in both color and line mark this chaste print.

There are ten examples of Hokusai's work. One of the most beautiful is one of the series of views of Fuji. The sacred mountain is shown far away in the distance beneath the graceful line of a semi-circular bridge. Dark blue, dark green, yellow greens and grays are used in the simple and serious colour scheme. It is a good example of this master's individuality and style. Hiroshige, the last of the great masters of Japan, is well represented by twenty-four book plates, many landscapes and figures. Most of these are good examples of his earlier and better style as can readily be determined by the few, well chosen, well blended colors. The opportunity of seeing these wonderful prints is yours only a few days longer. Go early for you will find it hard to leave.

* * *

Early next week the new print room at the Museum, Exposition Park, will be opened with three exhibitions. The students of the Pennsylvania Museum School will show their work in Arts and Crafts. Marion Holden Pope will exhibit water color sketches of the northern exposition. At the same time will be shown eighty etchings from the California Society of Etchers. Some of our own local artists are represented here, namely, Messrs. Benjamin and Howell Brown, Hannah Thompson, Bessie Hazen and Marco Zim. Among many others will be the well known names of Helen Hyde and Robert Harshe. Not only are there etchings but monotypes, wood block prints, color etchings and aquatints.

* * *

The collection of paintings from the Gallery of Fine Arts, Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, will take the place of the Japanese prints which Mr. Arthur W. Matthews' canvases on the west wall. The canvases from San Diego are from such well known artists as Childe Hassam, Robert Henri, George Luks, George Bellows, William Glackens, Guy Peue Du Bois, John Sloan, Ernest Lawson, Carl Spuuchorn and Joseph Henry Sharp. To mention these names is enough. One is assured that a visit to these galleries will be well worth while. Mr. Arthur Matthews has been called the dean of men now painting in San Francisco and has been associated with the art life in that city for twenty-five years.

* * *

Miss Louie Buchanan and Mr. Vysikal are holding a joint exhibition of their work at the Friday Morning Club. Miss Buchanan shows many portraits and landscapes. The portrait called "Elaine" showing a young girl with long yellow ringlets, her face in an almost direct light is charming. The flesh tones are excellent, the modelling good and the simple, direct treatment delightful. In "Fluttering Pigeons," evidently painted at the San Diego fair she has succeeded admirably in obtaining movement and light. The fluttering birds are most suggestive of motion and the tiny canvas is full of light and life. Miss Buchanan has been associated with the Chicago Art Institute until she came to Los Angeles where she and her sister, a sculptor both have studios.

Mr. Vysikal is a Bohemian who has also been connected with the Chicago Art Institute. He shows landscapes and portraits also. The oil well section attracts him strongly. This he paints with much felicity. The canvas "Last Gleams," shows oil tanks outlined against the sky whence come the last rays of the sun, showing unexpected colors on the body of the tank. Mr. Vysikal finds beautiful blues in the pools of oil. These pictures of the oil region are decidedly interesting and out of the ordinary. His portraits are well handled and charming in their color schemes.

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Social and Personal

(Continued from page 10)

ber 14. About seventy-five guests were invited. The tea tables were decorated in violet-shaded stocks, fluffy tulle bows and candles in the crystal holders, softly shaded in colors to harmonize. Mrs. Hibbard will be the guest of honor at another affair to be given in the near future by Mrs. Herbert Stone Lewis.

Mrs. Modini Wood is the guest of her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. J. Langford Stack, who are at Hotel Del Coronado for the winter. Mrs. John Grosse and the Misses Irene and Florence Grosse also are at the Del Coronado, having motored down from Pasadena, and other local people who have recently visited the delightful southern resort are Dr. and Mrs. P. Janss and Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Janss, Mrs. J. A. Starr, Mrs. W. Elmer Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Van Nostrand, W. G. Hallock, B. F. Elliott, Henry E. Rivers, and William Briggs. The reservation list for Los Angeles people over the Spanish Ball, which is to be held January 29, is unusually large and this affair promises to equal if not surpass the Chinese ball of last year.

Mrs. Elon F. Willcox of 3957 Hall-dale avenue was the charming hostess Saturday evening last at an informal dinner party. The affair was in honor of her niece, Miss Margaret Erdt. A half dozen friends enjoyed the occasion.

Mrs. Gerald A. Rule of South Grand avenue, who is enjoying a stay of several weeks at La Crescenta, entertained a party of friends Sunday last, her guests motoring up from Los Angeles for the day.

Miss Mary Shaw was the guest of honor of the Drama League at a luncheon Thursday at the Alexandria. About 150 members participated.

Mrs. Guy Rose is to be at home Sundays in January at the studio of her noted painter husband, at 30 North Chapel street, Alhambra.

Mrs. Lanier Bartlett entertained a party of friends Wednesday to witness Mr. Bartlett's photoplay dramatization of "The Spoilers." Mrs. Bartlett also was hostess Monday to a party which saw "The Devil and Chief," a drama Mr.

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Books

W HATEVER makes Belgium better known to the public today is very welcome. Recent sad events have brought together in the bonds of the closest friendship the little kingdom of artisans living among the stone records of many centuries that are gone, and the great republic whose wheat fields supply the world. Only ten per cent of the food supply of Belgium is produced in its limited acreage. The kingdom is composed essentially of cities, towns and villages where the arts and industries have flourished since the days of the Crusades. Churches, town-halls and other civic buildings, as well as private dwellings, bear witness to the refined life and ideals of the people, Flemings and Walloon. "Many of the private dwellings in the Flemish cities (page 425) are picturesque and elegant—though hardly rising to the grade of fine art; but when grouped together in the narrow winding streets, or along the banks of the canals, the result is so varied and charming that we are inclined to ascribe to them more intrinsic beauty than they really possess as individual designs." When this calamitous war is over, and Belgium is restored again to the independent life for which her sons have fought so nobly, then it will be the privilege of Americans to help still further the sufferers in restoring the desolated structures, many of them unique gems that cannot be reproduced.

The beauty of old Belgium has so appealed to the writers of this very attractive book, Elizabeth W. Champney and Frere Champney, that they have striven to retell its story from the days of Caesar. To meet the demands of a sentimental public, love-making and the eternal feminine have been introduced throughout, at times in a way that to a critical reader, is impossible and reckless. The treatment is wholly pseudo-romantic, and must be frankly accepted as such; those whose literary and historical conscience is sensitive must go elsewhere for enjoyment. In the modernizing of ancient themes, so as to give a flavor of the antique such as finds a ready response in a modern drawing-room, Frere Champney, who supplies the verses, is an adept. Here, for instance, is the closing stanza of "Ye Ballad of Ye Boare."

As bounds a torrent in the Spryng's first floode
So flies my shafte of stèle straight to the core,
And reeling prone amydst a pool of blode
Stryken to deth, sinks down ye tusked boare!
Whil tho ye wodelande wude afar and nere
Flutter fraile wings and flee affrighted deere.

When Sir Walter Scott was in need of lines to head one of his chapters, he boldly constructed some quaint stanza that would serve his purpose and attributed it to an anonymous author of the century in question. Our authors go further, and would ask their readers to believe that such verses as the following, the penultimate stanza of lines to "Belle Erembour," (page 125), come "From an unknown author of the twelfth century."

When Reynault came within the door,
Upon a couch sat Erembour.
Weaving the brilliant broideries;
Then as they met each other's eyes,
Up-leapt the ardent love of yore
More sweet, more fragrant than before.
"O, Reynault dear!"

It must be conceded that, however, no claim is made to great veracity. In the story of the Countess Jacqueline, which forms the theme of Chapter VII, "An Abandoned Tapestry," the author confesses indebtedness for much of the material "to the admirable and more veracious history, 'A Mediaeval Princess,' by Miss Ruth Putnam." The ninety full-page illustrations in photogravure are admirable, and there is a closing chapter of value, by Frere Champney, on Belgian architecture. The French scattered freely throughout is idiomatic and well-proofed, although meutriere (for meutriere) appears at page 192. Less can be said in praise of the Latin. The line from the Lord's Prayer (Matt. VI., 12) appears as "Sicut et nos dimittiamus (dimitimus) debitoribus nostris;" and at

page 141 Archbishop Turpin is made to chant the following impossible lines:

"Qui estis in convivio,
Servite cum cantico,
Reddens Laudes Domini."

The book is so attractive and so timely that its flaws are the more to be regretted. ("Romance of Old Belgium, from Caesar to Kaiser." By Elizabeth W. Champney and Frere Champney. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Bullock's).

"A Wilding Bough"

Ever since he was a lad in his 'teens Charles G. Blanden of Chicago has courted the ninth muse. Twenty years ago he brought his offerings to the editor of a Chicago paper and with modest diffidence asked that they might be printed if found acceptable, and usually they were, for the editor found in them a clarity of vision as well as poetic expression that bespoke the true singer, if only in a minor key. For two decades his graceful verse has appeared on the editorial page of the Chicago Evening Post, and in the interim the poet has acquired a fine technique and developed his spiritual insight, without which the best of craftsmen were as broken reeds. His "A Valley Muse" (1900) was reviewed by this writer just prior to leaving the editorship of the Chicago Post to come to California, and this was followed, at intervals, by annual poetic offerings in board covers, until 1905 when a lapse of six years marked the issuing of "The Upper Trail" (1911). Now, after another five years, comes his most recent oblation to Calliope, "A Wilding Bough," which reveals him at his best. Mr. Blanden's is not a sensuous muse; no pawing over of sex problems, no dabbling in fleshly tints, no erotomania, indeed, is to be discovered in his wholesome, sun-loving, star-gazing, "woodsy" songs of outdoors. These four quatrains, 'In April,' are characteristic of the sweet simplicity and genuine honesty of his muse:

I pray the time may never come
In which, beholding Spring,
My heart leaps not, my lips are dumb,
I feel no call to sing.

I would not walk this goodly earth
Did I not glow and thrill
When Beauty waves her wand of mirth
And has her own sweet will.

O, rather than be cold and mute
When Nature leads her choir,
Let me, like some discarded lute
Be cast into the fire.

But if unto the hour of death
With Beauty I may dwell,
Make me, O Spring, to my last breath,
Thy human chanterelle.

There is a Wordsworthian simplicity about this prayer that has strong appeal. It attracts as much by its honesty of utterance as by its absence of pose; it reveals the true attitude of this gentle poet of the outdoors who interprets the mystic words of the bees, knows the bluebirds' call, and reads the stars. I like his "Wanderlust," in which he admits:

The wanderlust wine is in my soul,
And I must up and roam,
Wherever awakes a wayside rose
Or breaks a wave in foam.

There is a lyric quality to his muse, which has no dalliance with the new vers libre. It is of the old-fashioned, melodious type, that never poses, never strives for sensational effects. It is of kin to the gypsy, "as free as winds are, a comrade unto Joy." Californians will be interested in his vision of the Grand Canyon whose—

utting rim
Of Arizona's vast abyss I trod;

An eagle's flight below, in shadow dim,
Beheld, but could not hear, a river god.

Out of defeat, which he sings, the poet has found victory and content. Cheery and uplifting are these poems of "A Wilding Bough," and Mr. Blanden has done his audience a favor to have caught between covers their sunny optimism. ("A Wilding Bough." By Charles G. Blanden. The Roadside Press. Bullock's.)

Rolfe Lectures at Blanchard Hall

Prof. H. W. Rolfe of Palo Alto began a course of twelve lectures on "The Idealistic Platform" at Blanchard Hall Thursday afternoon. He is speaking under the direction of Miss Mary E. Foy and the lectures will be given every Thursday afternoon until and including March 30.

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Los Angeles

Plays and Players
(Continued from Page 9.)

sere and yellow leaf before the average girl would ordinarily be out of short frocks. I say this because in "Mice and Men" the transition of the orphan Peggy from a tiny girl into a full blown and ravishingly attractive young woman, is one of the most extraordinarily rapid events ever conceived by the mind of man. This film version of Madeline Lucette Riley's play will be shown at Woodley's theater next week with Marguerite Clark as Peggy. After a novel and attractive introduction one is disappointed that the scenario man and the director don't get down to business until several hundred feet of film have been wasted. In spite of the delightful art of Miss Clark the picture drags through the earlier scenes; but when the action starts it makes up for lost time. The story of this drama, of the bachelor who adopted a little orphan girl that he might educate her and bring her up to his liking so that he might marry her—an ideal wife in his old age—only to have his young nephew step in and carry off the prize, is too well known to need detailed description. It offers Miss Clark many opportunities to display the pleasing gifts with which she is so generously endowed. Always good to look at, she is even more so than usual in the crinoline of the old time south. In the latter part of the film the photography is so supremely lovely one is compelled to believe that the director was lost in contemplation of the exquisite things to come and so forgot to put sense, action or cohesion in the earlier scenes. Many of the incidents in "Mice and Men" bring Miss Clark and Mary Pickford in direct line for comparison and, after this picture, I can see the war between the admirers of these two charming little artists growing fiercer than ever. Mary Pickford, by the way, may be seen in "The Foundling" for two days longer. It is, I think, the most artistic thing she has ever done.

"The Fourth Estate" is one of the few more recent melodramas that have had any extended success; it was almost the last of the thrillers of a type that was popular ten years ago. Now it has been made into a photoplay and will be shown at Miller's theater next week. I saw it at a pre-view last night and liked it. Its adapter has followed the play closely and it is still melodrama, and good melodrama. So often in motion pictures one finds that what was once melodrama has become a pink tea and vice versa. All the punches which served to make the play popular have been retained, and to them have been added a collection of wallopers that guarantee its success. I don't know which it featured more prominently, the luck of labor leaders or the power of the press; but both are weighty factors. The scene carries one from Chicago to Cobalt, in Canada's mining region, and back to Chicago and is replete with all the atmosphere that can be crowded into five

thousand feet of celluloid ribbon. There are scenes in a newspaper office that are not only interesting but highly instructive. In the end right triumphs and the girrl is returned to the arms of her lover, who happens to be her husband. The only unmelodramatic detail that was missing last night was the lack of an audience to hiss the villain. You will enjoy "The Fourth Estate."

Again the everlasting popularity of "Camille" is demonstrated this week. This time it is a film version of Dumas' great drama which is commanding attention. Clara Kimball Young is appearing in this photo play at Quinn's Superba and a very beautiful and attractive Marguerite Gautier she is; young, fresh, magnetic and altogether lovely. The picture is a somewhat free; but coherent adaptation, which makes the Camille rather sinned against than sinning; there is little of the siren in the film lady of the Camellias. She holds one's sympathy from the opening episode to the tragic finale. Miss Young is a splendid artist and plays the role as if she had long been waiting for the opportunity to do so. She softens the hard spots and brings out the attractive side of the woman's character; her portrayal cannot help but find popular favor. Paul Capellani plays Armand in a wholesome manner that adds much to the strength of the picture.

Once More the Burbank

Refurbished, brightened, sparkling with many lights and most attractive in its new decorations, the historic Burbank theater will reopen its doors to the public tonight as the home of wonderful photo play productions of the Triangle. Under the management of D. W. Griffith and Mack Sennett, the good old house promises to become as famous in the photoplay line as it was in the days when spoken drama held the boards. Nothing that the minds of these leaders among film producers could think of to make it attractive and comfortable has been neglected. It is more cheerful, "homely" and cosy than ever and it is promised that the film productions to be housed there will set new standards for this most rapidly developing art. The opening attraction will show John Emerson and his associates in "The Flying Torpedo," an ultra modern war play with its scenes laid in California, produced under the personal supervision of D. W. Griffith by the Fine Arts studio. It is said that the ultimate has not only been reached, but passed in this production. It is a whirlwind of sensations and filmed with a realism that is almost appalling. In these days progress is so rapid that the sensation of yesterday is commonplace today, and even the wonderful attainments so recently disclosed are said to fade into nothingness before the achievements of this latest Triangle offering. This picture will be shown at the Burbank for the first time on any screen. Following it is one of the new

(Continued on page thirteen)

In the World of Amateur Sports

ALL hope of obtaining the Western Amateur Golf Association championship tournament for Del Monte this year has not been abandoned by Californians, despite the stand taken by officials of that organization and of the United States Golf Association, ruling that amateurs may not accept transportation across the continent and entertainment. This evening an attempt is to be made by the Del Monte supporters at the annual meeting of the Western Association in Chicago to obtain adoption of an amendment to the by-laws, thereby permitting the acceptance of the free transportation upon which the efforts of the California representatives hinge. Many middle western golfers are in favor of coming to the coast for the next tournament and would be delighted to make the trip, but do not feel they can afford the expense. Here is where the Del Monte offer of a special train meets their objections and in turn runs up against the opposition of the golf officials who are jealous of the amateur standing of members of the association. There are two other bidders for the western tournament, the Midlothian Club of Chicago and the Blue Mound of Milwaukee, and the chances of Del Monte's getting the meeting are slight unless it can find a way to overcome the strict construction of the amateur rules. It seems probable that George E. Balch of Cincinnati will be reelected president of the Western Amateur Golf Association this evening, since no serious opposition to him has developed.

Annual Golf Contests To Date

By virtue of having only participated in one club match each and having won that, three of the country club golf teams hereabouts are now rejoicing in standings of 1.000 per cent in the Southern California Golf Association's annual contests. These teams are Los Angeles, Annandale and San Gabriel, which have that figure in both the scratch and handicap lists. Midwick stands 1.000 in scratch but .000 in handicap while Altadena is the exact reverse in the respective scores. This is the result of the exciting meeting last Saturday between these two teams, in which Midwick won the scratch match, 3 to 2, but lost the handicap, 3 to 1, one match halved. This is Altadena's first entry into the southern inter-club contests and its showing is considered remarkable. The real leaders in the southern season, however, are Redlands, which has an average of .800 in the scratch events, with five matches played and Victoria, which has a like percentage in handicap for a similar number of matches. Whether or not these teams will be able to maintain this pace when they meet the stronger opponents remains to be seen. Most of their matches so far have been with the weaker sisters. San Gabriel had rather an easy time with Orange last Saturday and Annandale experienced little difficulty in disposing of the Virginia team of Long Beach. Following is the standing of the teams:

Scratch			
Club—	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Los Angeles	1	0	1.000
Midwick	1	0	1.000
San Gabriel	1	0	1.000
Annandale	1	0	1.000
Redlands	4	1	.800
Victoria	3	2	.600
Coronado	3	3	.500
Point Loma	3	3	.500
Orange	1	8	.111
Virginia	0	1	.000
Altadena	0	1	.000
Handicap			
Los Angeles	1	0	1.000
Altadena	1	0	1.000
San Gabriel	1	0	1.000
Annandale	1	0	1.000
Victoria	4	1	.800
Redlands	3	2	.600
Coronado	3	2	.600
Point Loma	3	3	.500
Orange	2	7	.222
Midwick	0	1	.000
Virginia	0	1	.000

Del Monte After Polo Honors

Del Monte is making preparations for an active polo season this spring and the former center of the sport in California will make a bid for the honors which in recent years it has made no effort to hold. Red and yellow have been selected as the colors for the Del Monte Polo Club and they have been approved by the American Polo Association, before which Del Monte's application for membership has been proposed and seconded and the formality of an election will be held soon. Twenty-one ponies already have been shipped to the Del Monte field, which is reported in fine condition.

Plays and Players (Continued from Page 12.)

type Keystone comedies that are not only amusing but genuinely thrilling. "The Movie Star." These three offerings form a combination which will make the re-opening of the well-beloved theater as notable an event as anything in its history. The Burbank will not only be a strictly first-run house but it will be the place where many of the most notable photoplay productions of the age will first be disclosed to the public eye.

New Offerings at the Majestic

With only two more days of De Wolf Hopper in "Don Quixote" and Mack Sennett's remarkable comedy "The Submarine Pirate" at the Majestic, announcement is made of next week's offerings. The feature will be Orrin Johnson in "The Penitentes," one of the most recent as well as one of the most interesting productions from the Fine Arts studios. It is a thrilling and absorbing story of California and deals with a religious order, whose leader seeks the estate of his dead brother. In his efforts to achieve his end many remarkable things are brought about. Orrin Johnson is assisted by the beautiful Seena Owen and the story offers both many opportunities for exceptionally fine work. In addition to this there will be a Mack Sennett comedy, "Perils of the Park."

"The Beloved Vagabond" at Tally's

Of all the novels written by Wm. J. Locke, probably none has gained a wider popularity than "The Beloved Vagabond." This beautiful story has recently been adapted for the screen and will be shown for the first time next Monday at Tally's theater. It has been filmed by the Pathé people under the direction of Edwin Joss and Edwin Ardin will be seen in the role of the vagabond, supported by Bliss Milford and Kathryn Browne-Decker in the other leading roles. The story is a tale of M. Paragot, deprived in youth of his faith in man; of his search for it throughout the land; of his sad return, and of something he found in a cottage. Peculiarly well suited to treatment in screen form, this picture promises to be one of the most delightful that Mr. Tally has yet offered his patrons. It is the first long feature to be colored by the new Pathé process and the photography in natural colors is said to be particularly beautiful. For the remainder of this week, "The Great Divide," with its wonderful views of the Grand Canyon and the stirring story of east and west will continue as the attraction. It is a photo play of unusual charm and merit.

From Screen and Stage

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree raised the hopes of the lovers of Shakespearean drama in his modest speech at the Crippled Newsboys' Benefit last Sunday night, when he stated that it was more than possible that he might be seen here in some of the classics later in the season. The fleeting glimpse of his "Shylock" in the short first act scene from "The Merchant of Venice" served to whet the appetite for an opportunity to see the complete portrayal. It promised a rarely interesting interpretation of this wonderful role and was unsatisfactory only because there was not enough of it.

If only these increasingly popular "pre-views" were held at a reasonable hour before midnight, how much more attractive they would be to the tired reviewer.

I am informed that when "Ramona" is disclosed to the public for the first time, two weeks hence, it will be staged in a manner that will not only startle the natives but will create an epoch in the history of film productions. Monroe Lathrop tells me that Mr. Clune has in this picture one of the most remarkable achievements of the motion picture photographer's art and that it will be shown to the public in settings that will be a revelation and a delight. He also informs me that "Ramona" will be followed by a series of most elaborate film productions of the works of a noted American author, film offerings of an exceptionally high standard. All these will be shown with specially designed stage settings in a series of theaters under Mr. Clune's personal direction throughout country.

Here is a new type of souvenir fiend: While I was with the crowd for my turn

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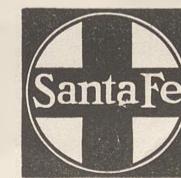
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LOS ANGELES Investment has been the most active stock on the local stock exchange this week. After advancing to 84 cents, the highest level reached in two years, the stock suffered a reaction of 8 points. However, this decline is believed due to profit taking by investors who bought it when it was hovering around 30 cents and the general feeling of confidence in the value of the stock seems to have been in nowise affected. The annual meeting of the company and the favorable reports made by officials at that time had a strengthening effect on the issue.

Mining stocks, while still in good demand, have been quieter this week than for several weeks. Big Jim has braced after being hammered down by large sales last week and at this writing is at 85 cents. Ivanhoe is in good demand and reports of satisfactory development work in other Oatman properties held the entire list firm.

Union Oil has declared a dividend of \$1.50 a share, payable January 25. This is the first Union dividend for almost two years and had a good effect on the stock, which sold up to \$83.50. Reports of the proposed oil merger which will absorb Union, together with Mexican Petroleum, Associated and other properties have had a bullish effect on the higher priced stocks.

Off board sales of bonds continued to mark practically the only activities in these securities, which are constantly making small, almost unnoticed gains that indicate the better condition of financial affairs. Fine statements by all the Los Angeles national banks had a strengthening effect on bank stocks.

Election of directors and officers of the Los Angeles stock exchange was held this week. Directors selected to serve for the ensuing year were Frank Hervey Pettingell, A. C. Wagy, A. W. Coote, William H. Cook, L. L. Sheldon, S. H. Ellis, L. F. Parsons, P. B. Hammond and John J. Doran. Mr. Pettingell was re-elected president of the exchange for a second term. Other re-elections were those of A. C. Wagy as first vice-president and J. J. Doran, treasurer. William H. Cook was chosen second vice-president and L. F. Parsons, secretary. Mr. Pettingell has not yet announced his committee appointments.

Banks and Bankers

After thirty-five years of service with the First National Bank of Los Angeles, for twenty-four of which he was president, J. M. Elliott has retired from active service although he retains his intimate connection with this great financial institution by acting as chairman of the board of directors, a position that was created for him. Mr. Elliott's retirement was announced at the annual stockholders' meeting, held this week. He is to be succeeded by Stoddard Jess, for several years first vice-president of the bank, former president of the Los Angeles Clearing House Association and one of the best known bankers in California. To take the place of first vice-president made vacant by Mr. Jess' advancement, E. D. Roberts of San Bernardino is to become associated with the First National. Mr. Roberts at one time was California state treasurer and has for years been a prominent financier of his home section. E. S. Pauly, who has been assistant cashier, is to be given a vice-presidency. The First National intends to broaden the scope of its foreign department, which is to be put under the management of James Forsythe, who has been connected with the bank in a responsible capacity and who was formerly engaged in banking operations in Mexico City and on the Isthmus of Panama. Mr. Elliott is the dean of Los Angeles bankers and his retirement was the occasion for many expressions of good wishes from other financiers. He became connected with the First National in 1881, beginning as assistant bookkeeper and advancing through various positions until he became president in 1892.

George I. Cochran, president of the Pacific Mutual, has returned from an eastern business trip and is exceedingly

optimistic over prospects for future business prosperity. As indicative of the plentiful supply of money held by the general public Mr. Cochran points to the fact that of the \$1,200,000 due the Pacific Mutual last year for interest on mortgages, only \$15,000 was allowed to become delinquent.

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NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF HIBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK

Notice is hereby given that by and in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of the Hibernian Savings Bank, a corporation, organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a regular meeting of said Board, held on the 12th day of January, 1916, a meeting of the stockholders has been called for and will be held at the office and principal place of business of said corporation, to-wit, at its banking room, second floor, Hibernian Building, Southeast corner of Fourth and Spring Streets, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, on Wednesday, the 12th day of April, 1916, at the hour of 3:00 o'clock on the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon the proposition of increasing the capital stock of said corporation from Three Hundred Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$350,000), divided into Three Thousand Five Hundred (3,500) shares, of the par value of One Hundred Dollars (\$100) each, to the amount of Five Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$500,000), divided into Five Thousand (5,000) shares, of the par value of One Hundred Dollars (\$100) each, and to transact all such other business as properly pertains to or is connected with such increase of capital stock.

By order of the Board of Directors.
Dated this 12th day of January, 1916.
A. M. GIBBS,
Secretary of Hibernian Savings Bank, a
corporation.
Jan. 15—April 8.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.
Dec. 13, 1915.

Non-Coal 016197
Notice is hereby given that Frank H. Thew, of 1352 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., who, on August 20, 1912, made homestead entry, No. 016197, for E 1/4 NW 1/4, and W 1/2 NE 1/4, Section 15, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 9 a. m. on the 26th day of January, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses: Andrew Humphrey, Hal Vaughan, both of Cornell, Calif., Laura A. McLellen, of 5437 Sierra Vista St., Los Angeles, Cal., B. O. Thew, of 1352 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. JOHN D. ROCHE, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Calif.,
Dec. 17, 1915.

Non-Coal 014849
Notice is hereby given that Alfred L. Smith, of Cornell, Calif., who, on Feb. 16, 1915, made Homestead Entry, No. 014849, for NE 1/4 of SW 1/4, NW 1/4 SE 1/4, Section 7, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Calif., at 9:00 o'clock A. M. on the 2nd day of Feb. 1916.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

First National Bank of Los Angeles

at the Close of Business December 31, 1915

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$15,919,198.90
Bonds, Securities, etc.....	1,570,939.00
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	1,250,000.00
Premium on U. S. Bonds..	None
Furniture and Fixtures.....	175,000.00
Real Estate Owned.....	23,097.84
Other Assets	1,180.94
Cash and Sight Exchange	9,627,365.57

Total \$28,566,782.25

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$ 1,500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	2,504,752.13
Circulation	1,177,447.50
Reserved for Taxes, etc.....	47,026.91
Deposits	23,337,555.71

Total \$28,566,782.25

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS

COMPLETELY EQUIPPED SAFE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT

I. W. T. S. Hammond, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. M. Elliott John S. Cravens Frank P. Flint H. Jeyne John B. Miller
Stoddard Jess W. T. S. Hammond M. H. Flint J. O. Koepfli Dan Murphy
John P. Burke J. C. Drake C. W. Gates E. J. Marshall F. Q. Story

DIRECTORS

STATEMENT OF CONDITION OF THE

Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank

at the Close of Business, December 31, 1915

(Owned by the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Los Angeles)

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$14,396,768.68
Bonds, Securities, etc.....	2,872,478.47
Bank Premises, Furniture and Fixtures	1,050,000.00
Cash and Sight Exchange	5,494,338.74

Total \$23,813,585.89

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 1,500,000.00
Surplus	1,400,000.00
Undivided Profits	199,340.46
Other Liabilities	86,100.45

DEPOSITS

Demand ...	\$ 6,684,218.22
Time	13,943,926.76
	20,625,144.98

Total \$23,813,585.89

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NAME

OFFICERS

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK
S. E. Cor. Sixth and Spring

W. H. HOLLIDAY, President.
J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,000,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Third and Spring

A. J. WATERS, President.
E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus \$500,000;
Undivided Profits, \$235,441.61.

HIBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK
Second Floor, Hibernian Bldg.
Spring and Fourth.

GEORGE CHAFFEY, President.
GEORGE A. J. HOWARD, Cashier.
Capital, \$325,000.00.
Surplus and Profits, \$35,250.00.

NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA
N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring

J. E. FISHBURN, President.
H. S. MCKEE, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000.00; Surplus and
Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK
401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth.

W. A. BONYNGE, President.
MALCOLM CROWE, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000; Surplus and
Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring

J. M. ELLIOTT, President.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus and
Profits, \$2,502,664; Deposits
\$20,000,000.

FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK
Corner Fourth and Main

I. W. HELLMAN, President.
V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

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Wm. Rhodes Hervey.
Vice President

in charge of the Trust Dept.

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AND SAVINGS BANK**

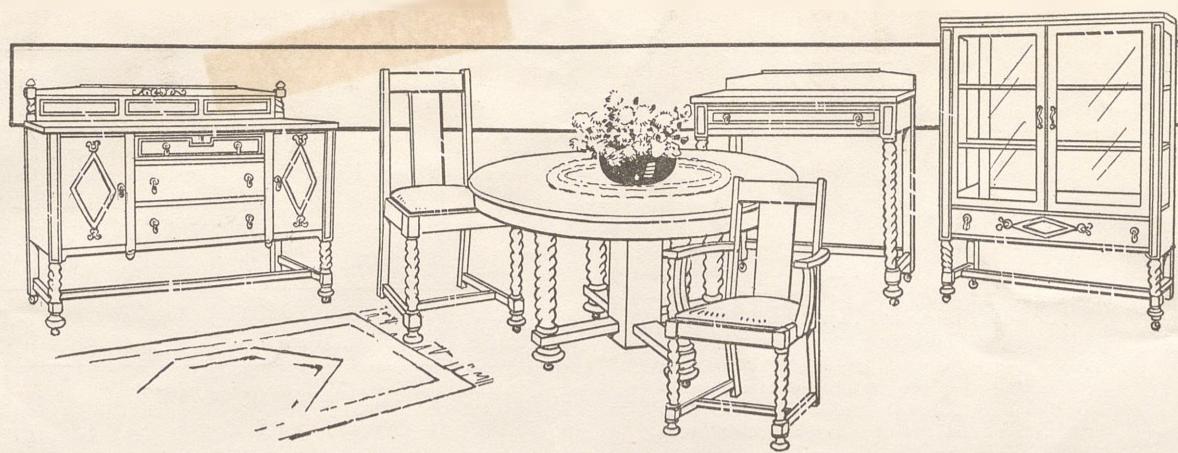
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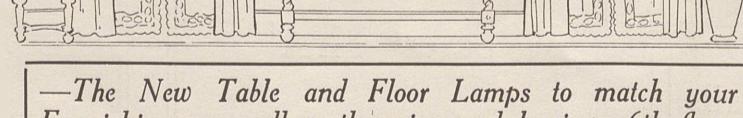
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